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EDITED BY ARTHUR C. PARKER

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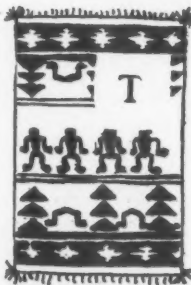
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THE AMERICAN INDIAN MAGAZINE



The American Indian Magazine is issued quarterly and published at Cooperstown, N. Y.

The editors aim to make this journal the medium of communication between students and friends of the American Indian, especially between those engaged in the uplift and advancement of the race. Its text matter is the best that can be secured from the pens of Indians who think along racial lines and from non-Indians whose interest in the affairs of the race is a demonstrated fact.

The Editorial Board has undertaken to carry out the purposes of the Society of American Indians and to afford the American Indian a dignified national organ that shall be peculiarly his own, and published independent of any governmental or sectarian control.

The Editorial Board invites friends of the race to unite with the native American in providing the Journal with a high quality of contributions. Although contributions are reviewed as far as possible, the Magazine merely prints them and the authors of the accepted articles are responsible for the opinions they express. The ideas and desires of individuals may not be in harmony with the policy or expressed beliefs of the Editors but upon a free platform free speech is not to be denied. Contributors must realize that this Magazine cannot undertake to promote individual interests or engage in personal discussions. "The honor of the race and the good of the country shall be paramount."

The purpose of this Magazine is to spread as widely as possible for the use of Indians, non-Indian friends, students, social workers, and teachers the ideas and needs of the race, and to serve as an instrument through and by which the objects of the Society of American Indians may be achieved. We shall be glad to have the American press utilize such material as we may publish where it seems of advantage, and permission will be cheerfully granted providing due credit is given the Journal and the author of the article.

Authors and publishers are invited to send to the Editor-General, for editorial consideration in the Magazine such works of racial, scientific, or sociological interest as may prove of value to the readers of this publication.

All contributions should be sent to The Editor of The American Indian Magazine, 707 20th St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and not to the publication house at Cooperstown, N. Y.

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Vol. V

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No. 1

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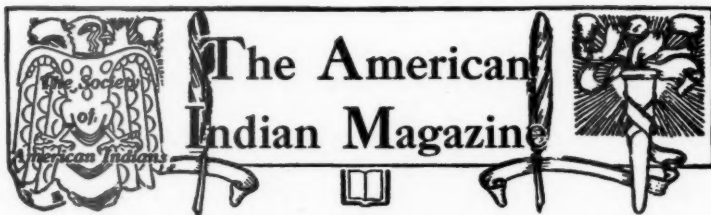
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MRS. JOHN ROLF AND THOMAS ROLF, HER SON



Rebecca Rolf is more commonly known as Pocahontas, though her tribal name was Metowac. A statue has recently been erected to this noble woman in commemoration of her life and unique services to the colonists of Virginia. The statue, the work of William O. Partridge, stands on Jamestown Island, Va.




The Quarterly Journal of the Society of American Indians
"For the Honor of the Race and the Good of the Country"

VOI. V

JANUARY-MARCH, 1917

No. 1

AMERICA NEEDS MEN

HE United States of America has entered as an active factor into a great world conflict for the principles of freedom and democracy. With great patience the government of this country has waited for the nations of Europe dominated by the king of Prussia to abandon barbaric methods of warfare and to cease attack without warning upon neutral shipping on the seas. Through the long and hideous preliminaries America has witnessed the violation of international law and has suffered the destruction of her citizens on the seas. America has discovered in her midst spies and plotters busy devising harm for the Republic, she has found a foreign nation posing as a friend engaged in inducing other nations to make raids and even active war upon our southern frontier states and she has been forbidden to sail her ships upon the Atlantic except upon conditions imposed by the German war office. To submit to these things would be cowardice and would be an admission that our independence as a nation was at hazard. But beyond what we ourselves have suffered in the loss of materials and lives is the violation of the rights of humanity, which rights have been so dearly bought and which now are so preciousely held by the freedom loving nations of the world. The United States of America has a moral obligation to fulfill. She has upheld the principles of human liberty, political equality and universal justice and she has invited to her hospitable shores the millions of the world who needed a land of opportunity and has schooled them in those principles. In a mighty conflict in which there is being tested "—whether this nation or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated may long endure" America must definitely align herself. No longer shall she be merely a spectator.

And now our country needs men who will pledge their lives and their fortunes in defense of these great principles by which we live. Every citizen ought to offer his services in any capacity needed by the country. In this call for men who love liberty the American Indian has his share of responsibility; he, too, must respond. Already we hear the tread of feet that once wore moccasins; already the red men are enlisting. Let this, then, be a personal question, *"Have you done your share?"*

The war for universal justice, this world war, is not to be won by armed men alone, but more important than the armed warrior will be the farmer and stock raiser. If every Indian will now double his or her efforts to produce food supplies and will faithfully cultivate his farm or ranch, better than ever before, he will bring an increased hope of a world wide victory to all mankind. The world needs food, more food. As the Indian fed the hungry Pilgrim on the Atlantic shore in 1620 let him again give of his store of corn. He will not only enrich himself but save the world from misery. The country needs men who will work on farm and on ranch as well as fight with guns. Indians of America awaken! Let your lands become blooming gardens.

IN MEMORY OF POCAHONTAS

On March 21st on Jamestown Island, Virginia, there was celebrated the 300th anniversary of the death of Pocahontas. In her memory there has been erected a bronze statue, the work of the sculptor, William Ordway Partridge.

In the three centuries that have passed since the time of Pocahontas mighty things have happened to the land of her birth. Externally it has undergone a change; no longer do forests reign supreme but instead the plantation, the farm, the ranch, the mine and the factory are found. And more than this a new and paler nation rules the continent.

There have been critics that have doubted the various romantic adventures attributed to Pocahontas, even the celebrated episode of saving Captain John Smith. And now the Indian critic, backed up by the philologist and ethnologist comes forth to assert that there is a misunderstanding about her name. The fact creeps out that Pocahontas was not the real name at all. Turning over the musty pages of Capt. Smith's history one reads that "She was called Pocahontas because the savages did think that, did we know her real name we should have the power of casting an evil eye upon her." Just what the real name is few people know and it will surprise many to learn that the celebrated daughter of Powhatan was really known among her people as Matoaka. The name is derived from an Algonkian root word meaning "the playful,"—metaw.

Despite her name, it is probably certain that Capt. John was sure that Powhatan was not playful when he caused a gigantic club to be swung over his head and when he ordered the execution. It was not in mere play either that Powhatan's daughter saved the Captain's life.

Pocahontas embraced Christianity and later married John Rolfe. Thus began the union that has given the royal claim to so many of the first families of Virginia. The union turned out to the advantage of the Colony and the Indians kept their peace with the whites until the death of Powhatan.

The baptismal name of Pocahontas was Rebecca but she was frequently termed "The Princess." In this age of precision and historical accuracy, however, let us observe that when all is said and done Mrs. Rolf's name was in reality Matoaka.

RED BIRD'S EXPERIENCE

In this issue of the *American Indian Magazine* is the story of Simon Redbird, an Ottawa full blood. Redbird has always been a hard worker and so were his parents, both of whom were school teachers. Yet Redbird has a lament. He feels that he has been deceived and has lost great opportunities.

At sixteen years of age Redbird was a pupil in Northport high school. After his parents' death he went to work in the Michigan lumber camps. His elementary education, however, led him to seek a broader knowledge. He had saved enough money to pay his way through Albion College. Then came a temptation; a friend told him of the free government Indian schools wherein he could have education, clothes transportation and food without the cost of a penny. To a boy this seemed an alluring proposition and so Redbird signed up for a five year course. After five years of study he had acquired an education equivalent to what he had the year before he left high school. He had made no advance in book learning, though he had acquired more experience. *He found out that a man cannot get something for nothing.* Then he set to work to buy with his own hard earned dollars an education. It was by toil and thought that he earned his funds to buy his lessons on architecture and he was bound not to be cheated. He eventually received his diploma* and then pressed on until he bought his way through another course of study. Then he had something that he knew was valuable. He had paid for it and it began to pay him back. *He found out that things most valuable to a man are the creations of his own effort.*

A man will fight for and appreciate the house he builds with his own hands through toil and brain sweat. He will make it strong and beautiful and he will care for it. If houses were free for the asking they would not be worth while fighting for. It is so with education or anything else. What we get for nothing we count cheaply; what we earn by work we prize and want to get the most out of it.

AMERICAN INDIAN DAY, MAY 12

One year ago American Indian Day was inaugurated. It was widely celebrated considering the short time during which the day had been announced. This year on May 12 American Indian Day will be again celebrated.

In this fateful year of international crisis it is particularly fitting that the native sons and daughters of America should unite in celebrating the heroic days of their ancestors, many of whom in their several tribal divisions were enemies and speaking different tongues and of the dawn of the days of heroic service of this century, wherein the kinship of blood is more keenly realized and friendship prevails.

American Indian Day to the Indian means planning for the future, it means preparation. It is a day of resolution. A new order of things must be met and the Indian, holding dear the love of his fathers of old, must adjust himself to modern conditions.

To all the people of America, young or old, the day means a recognition of one's kinship with nature and the duty of conforming to the laws of natural development. On American Indian Day, the youth of the land will have their springtime field exercises, the older people will have patriotic demonstrations and the studious will study the ways of the nature-life of which the Indian has so long been the exponent and inspiration.

INDIANS WITH THE ALLIES

Scattered reports from newspapers tell in meagre lines of the American Indians fighting in the ranks of the Allies. Here in a dispatch from Scotland one reads of the Canadian Six Nations Iroquois and their training camp near Glasgow; there, in a lengthier article from a Toronto paper there is a description of the fine work of the Canadian Indians at the front; and, again, in a casualty list from "somewhere in France" is the name of an Indian killed in action.

These bits of news gradually lead to the impression that the natives of the new world are taking their places at the battle front and doing their bit to eliminate barbarism from its grip on men and nations. Investigation shows that there are also others than Canadian Indians fighting and that here and there in a Canadian company is an Indian from Montana or Wisconsin or Minnesota or some other of the United States. Indians are viewing the world war with a deep interest and seeking to understand the principles that lie at the bottom of it. Somehow they seem to believe that the civilization of which the European has boasted is after all a defective thing. They see that there can be a more refined form of civilization that will blossom into a truer democracy and into a greater understanding of the rights of man. They feel that there can be a relation between men and nations that is more just and more kind. Some of the Indians see that the outcome of this appalling catastrophe will be a better understanding among men and nations and a more just recognition of the rights of the smaller divisions of mankind. The attainment of this hope is worth fighting for. In increasing numbers the Indians of North America, north of Mexico, will be found in the military ranks of France and England.

It is an inspiring thing to note this enlistment of Indians in the fight against barbarism on land and piracy on sea, against the autocratic control of nations by war lords and against military machinery that counts as nothing human suffering when its matured plans for murder, invasion and conquest are to be launched. It is an inspiring thing to find the Indians battling in a universal struggle for international freedom and brotherhood.

WHEN THE COUNTRY CALLS FOR MEN

It is not necessary to state that the American Indians in the United States are absolutely loyal to their country. Thousands upon thousands have fought under the stars and stripes in every war since the emblem has waved over a military troop. Today the Indian is ready for the service of his country and better equipped than ever before. Hundreds of young men trained in the Federal Indian schools in military tactics and maneuvering are now in the ranks of the country's workers as farmers, stockmen, business men and mechanics. They constitute a trained reserve. A good many are already in the army and now under orders. Others have been trained in military schools and at citizen training camps. When the country calls for men the native sons of America, the Indians, will respond with all the patriotic fire that characterized their ancestors in the earlier days.

As soldiers the Indians will not be found lacking in efficiency nor will they be wanting in bravery. We have the experience of Gen. Miles, Gen. Pershing and Gen. Scott to vouch for this. General Pratt loves to tell of his brave Indian boys, and no less an American than Col. Roosevelt in a public address said he wished he had had more Indians in his command during the Cuban campaign. Suffice to say the Indians themselves viewing their shrunken numbers wish their warriors were more numerous, but if only one able bodied red man were left to fight he would willingly give his services to the defense of his beloved America.

FOREIGN IDEAS ABOUT INDIAN LOYALTY

In this republic wherein there is perfect freedom of discussion and public debate, the fact that Americans are not slow to condemn governmental policies and berate public officials, is sometimes misunderstood by foreigners. The European native schooled in an atmosphere of monarch-fear thinks all this disrespectful. He does not at first understand that the American citizen is struggling for the perfection of national ideals and seeking to influence his executives to live up to the will of the people.

Councils of Indians have sometimes been loud in their complaints against the treatment of the Government and against governmental policies and commissioners. They have bemoaned the slaughter of their tribesmen and the robbery of their lands and resources. They have been treated worse than Belgians and their people have been more cruelly oppressed than the Irish. Then they have actually fought the troops of the United States,—sometimes very successfully. In recent times, however, the Indians have fought verbal battles and called for a truer form of justice for their people. Now how does the foreigner interpret this?

An Indian physician who is a leader among his people tells us that he has been asked by "a foreign government" just what the Indians would do in case of a foreign war, the hope being expressed that if the Indians would do "so-and-so," it might be to the advantage of the Indians. Other Indians have given forth rumors that a foreign government hoped to use Indian scouts if the country should be invaded. An Indian who has something to do with an Indian Society has received telephone calls from consuls of "a foreign government" and asked for certain information desired for transferring to foreign officials. Foreign individuals have also personally interviewed him and expressed a hope that the Indians might see things to their advantage.

We venture that when history shall have been written that not a single case will be found wherein an Indian was a traitor to his country. We believe that no Indian will circulate treasonable talk among his people or act for the advantage of a foreign foe. Someday the foreigner will understand that Indians are Americans who take the right given by a free country to discuss their affairs and even their grievances without a single thought of disloyalty to the country, but with the single purpose of achieving a righteous justice for humanity and for themselves as a part of humanity.

THE GERMAN PEOPLE AND THE INDIANS

No American of wisdom and breadth of view has the slightest prejudice against the people of Germany or of Germans living in this country. Indeed the Germans have helped the Indians in many a lesson of thrift. The German scientist has had a keen insight into the institutions of the Indians and many books and articles on the Indian have appeared written in German. Some of the most valuable ethnological treatises extant on Indian matters have been published in Germany. The American Indian will have no adverse feeling toward the law abiding, honest German born citizen or alien. The Indian, however, in his passionate love of liberty will never admit that the Prussian autocracy is a worthy institution of government.

A nation of worthy people may become prosperous in the hands of

a Kaiser that develops that prosperity for his own purposes and who rules that he may ruin others, but a nation of worthy people will become even greater when it is willing to assume the task of ruling itself and of using its greater power for the prosperity of all mankind.

For the German people in their struggle for a new birth the American Indian will have a sincere sympathy, but for the German war machine and for German official tryanny the American Indian can have only a desire for defeat and downfall. Meanwhile our hearts are warm toward the many splendid men and women of German extraction whom we know as having set a matchless example of industry. These are our friends and we are theirs. They are proud, sensitive and patriotic. It is not their racial blood that we assail or their qualities of character. We only assail that which to a people schooled in the love of liberty and self government is detestable beyond all things,—the bondage of a nation to ambitious overlords.

ROBERT G. VALENTINE

In the death of Robert G. Valentine, the Indians of America have lost an admiring friend. Mr. Valentine was President Roosevelt's choice for Commissioner of Indian Affairs and he continued to hold the office for some time under the Taft administration, but resigned to enter the Roosevelt campaign for re-election. Later Mr. Valentine established an office in Boston and devoted himself to the profession of industrial counselor. In this work he made most successful strides. His keen analytic mind grasped the problems of the manufacturer and of the worker and reduced them to their elements. What was right and fair he pointed out and both the laborer and the capitalist knew how to base their judgements. Mr. Valentine had an energetic forceful way of asserting his arguments and one had only to listen to learn from him. He was interested in business but it was the human side of business that appealed to him. His insight into this human element in production was a powerful argument to the manufacturer that treating employees fair and above board payed big dividends. During November, 1916 Mr. Valentine was busy with the problems of the garment industry in New York City. On the 14th of November he died while in his hotel. He died in harness, for he was a tireless worker.

During his lifetime Mr. Valentine was keenly interested in the Indian problem and to him is due the credit for the reorganization of the Indian Office business methods. His reports and speeches will long remain as documents of practical importance.

In the results of his work and as an example of clean efficient manhood Robert G. Valentine still lives.

THE PERILS OF THE PEYOTE POISON

By ARTHUR C. PARKER

WHEN the ancient devotees of Delphi leaned over the orifice in the rock and smelled the intoxicating vapors that came out of the earth they reeled back and began to have dreams and visions of heaven. The old time Greek thought it was religion to smell poisonous gas and if any Socrates came forth to tell them it was dangerous, poisonous and not religious, they beat him with bludgeons and said he was an enemy of the Gods that made the oracle.

Years ago a chemist named Paracelsus found out how to make a liquid called alcohol. He thought it was the water of life because it made him and his friends feel so fine. It was like having the spirits in one's bones. So he "tried the spirits."

In the jungles of Hindustan, in the dim distant past, a juggler of potions found a plant which when eaten made a man dream of angels and of heaven. The medicine was hashish. It was a bitter and poisonous herb but no Hindu medicine man then would let anybody say bad things about it. Neither would they let any one kill the most poisonous snake in the world, the cobra. They believed cobras to be spirits,—so what if they did bite thousands of children, women and men each year. It was against their religion to kill cobras. So they bowed down to serpents, lived in huts filled with chattering monkeys and ate hashish. It was their religion.

Years passed and men began to study the effects of poisonous gasses, whiskey and narcotic poisons. They found that though they affected the brain cells and caused a stimulation of the thought-flow for a while that their final effect was to produce stupor, delusion and unconsciousness. Persistent use destroyed the nerve and brain cells and brought on death.

With knowledge came the understanding that human good and true religion cannot be promoted by the use of drugs. It was found that no matter how religions defended the use of drugs that in the end the drug killed off the users and the religion fell into disrepute. Drugs cannot make good character or promote an understanding of man's duty to God or his fellow men.

The Mexicans in ancient times had a drug called *Peyotl*. It was a poisonous drug and its use was regulated. Today drug sellers reap large sums of money selling the "peyote buttons" to Indians. Certain Indians get together in "religious" societies and eat and drink peyote. When they are asked to give it up they say their "religion must not be interfered with" and their paid agents and other agents make an argument for "religious freedom." But peyote is a dangerous drug and a harmful narcotic. Its use will never cure disease or help men to know their moral duties.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, when chief chemist of the United States said of peyote, "It has no special value as a medical agent and is nothing but an evil."

The Parke Davis Company, the great drug company of Detroit which is always on the lookout for good medicines has experimented with peyote and said it was a "habit forming drug." The company will not use the drug any longer.

Everyone who has studied the physiological effects of peyote and who understands what has been done by it stands against the use of the drug. There are some ethnologists and some lawyers that make money by standing in with the drug users who defend it and say it does no harm. They say it is really a good medicine and that both sides of the case should be heard. Both sides should be heard, it is true. The records of men made efficient, kind and truthful should be produced. Against this record should be placed the record of babies poisoned, the death of adults, the poverty of confirmed users and the lowered moral standards of the followers of the cult. The testimony of physicians intimately associated with peyote users should also be taken and social workers and missionaries should have their testimony heard.

Now, we can readily understand that the defenders of peyote will point out some users of the peyote poison who no longer drink whiskey and who grow more corn than before. Perhaps some have even attained higher positions than before and even laid away money in the bank. This will not be strange. Plenty of men who take up the use of opium no longer drink whiskey. Some men who drink whiskey grow corn in greater acreage than before, and we know of one farmer, an Indian, who was a drunkard who was one of the best farmers on his reservation. But those who saw him in his debauchery were not induced to get drunk in order to farm better. The fact that some users of peyote do better than before they used it is no argument for its virtue. The fact that most users of peyote suffer nervous and mental breakdowns and that most are impoverished and rendered inefficient and immoral is a proof of its evil effect.

The Society of American Indians at Cedar Rapids adopted a resolution condemning the use of peyote and calling for the passage of the Gandy Bill for the suppression of the traffic by Congress.

The rapid spread of the peyote cult means that the Indians are being menaced with a new form of danger. Drug users become inefficient and their children's welfare becomes permanently injured. The Indians must be freed from the danger and restored to normal drug-free lives. The false advisor and the secret foe must be exposed. Those who coin money from drugging human souls in the name of religion must be prevented from continuing their nefarious practice. Indian leaders must busy themselves with this fight against poison. The cobras must be killed and not worshiped. This is an age of enlightenment. Stupefying gasses, narcotics and peyote must be banished. The God must be perceived by a clear, clean moral vision and not by a crazed dream of a drug eater's brain.

THE RED MAN'S LOVE OF MOTHER EARTH

An American Indian Day Address

By GAWASO WANNEH



IN supreme belief in the wisdom of the Great Manitou, who made all things, we hold it incontrovertable that each object of divine creation has a real function to perform and a definite mission to achieve in the Cosmic economy.

The American Indian is one of the great divisions of the human race. Brought into existence by the will of the Creator and molded by the fingers of environment, the native son of the continent stands forth to exercise his destined function and to complete his mission to the world of man and nature. The slow process of evolution, during which the isolation of tribes over a continental expanse prevented wide acquaintance and cordial interrelation, there could be no united action and no rapid development of the race. It was one race with many hearts. Almost every degree of the social and political scale was registered, from the Seri and the Digger to the Aztec and the Iroquois. Each one of the many cultural divisions developed its own form of ethics and in its struggle for existence wrought out its own material civilization. In wresting from nature the materials for food, shelter, weapons and clothing, the simple things nearest at hand were employed. Natural things requiring but slight change or alteration were sought and found. The skins of beasts were tanned for clothing; their bones, teeth and horns were materials for tools and ornaments. Houses were erected of pelts or bark and supported by poles burned from the ground and not cut. Food was the flesh of mammals, fishes and birds or of roots, fruits, berries or the cultivated corns, squashes and beans. Fire was produced by the friction of sticks and vessels for cooking were fashioned from bark, from rawhide, or from soapstone or baked clay. Decorative motives were chosen from natural forms hidden in conventionalized designs. The Indian was close to nature; and yet nature awed him and was a mystery.

Out of his surroundings, in the process of his struggle to live, the Indian developed his civic codes and his religious formulae. Nature made him what he was.

In this simplicity, close to earth, close to beast, close to tree, the Indian felt himself a part of nature and akin to all things whether rock or river, beast or storm. Like him, they too, were alive and conscious. They thought and spoke and all had personality and purpose.

The child of the Continent was growing and his body was brown and moist from contact with his Mother's skin. And then came an interruption. The slow process of unaided evolution underwent a sudden halt. Pale faced nations from across the eastern seas, stimulated to conquest by the resources of fortunate surroundings and discoveries, sought out the red man's world. A conflict began.

The European also desired to live but he wished to live as his own experiences directed and his desires made necessary. He was ambitious. He needed fields for grain, gardens for his plants, meadows for his cattle, clearings for his towns. He wanted a new freedom wherein he could shake off the tyranny of ancient restraining customs and begin anew with nature alone to fight. He wanted a new source for obtaining food, iron and gold. Out of earth's products he could rear a different world. In his endless toil to find new resources and to attain thereby his ambitions he struggled from one discovery to another and swept a continent clean, until today America teems with tens of millions of the sons and daughters of European sires. The native Indian has been overwhelmed, his evolution interrupted and his culture almost obliterated. The entire native order of things has been supplanted with a new system and there now remains a broken, confused and almost despirited race, viewing with melancholy the memories of a time departed forever.



RED FOX AND HIS PONY MONTANA

The red man's appeal to his country is also a pledge of service.

A civilization of rapid changes has laid new demands upon the Indian mind and body. It has compelled acceptance of new devices, for the surface of America has been transformed. Nature now is in the hands of Man, and not man in the hands of Nature. The race inertia of the nature man must give way to motion.

There have been great material gains in this changed order of things, and to reap the benefits of their ambitions both red man and white man have surrendered much. Man has forgotten his kinship with nature and in his pride of achievement has sought to elevate himself above and apart from nature.

But, standing as a monument to the nature life, wherein Earth hugged her child closely and nourished him directly from her brown bosom, is the American Indian. His whole life and his ideals beckon mankind to the love of Earth, our Mother. In his picturesque raiment of soft tanned pelts with tasseled ermine tails, with his head erect and crowned with plumes, he holds his hands outstretched in silent appeal. It is the mute beckoning to every man, every woman, every child to a renewed acquaintance with our kindred, the other objects of divine creation. We are not to forget that brotherhood.

By this means alone, through this realization alone, can mankind grow anew in a knowledge of the Manitou and develop his shrunken soul. It is the call of Nature to a return to nature-love, man-love, God-love.

May this, then, not be one of the supreme missions of the red race, this call to the elemental things that we of today have forgotten. The red man answers that in voicing this call he finds a mission. Humanity in its mad struggle for material things must not forget the inner spirit. Lose then thyself in the Nature heart and find thyself restored to a life of greater visions! The soil of nature has been explored; its soul must now be known.

INDIAN LAWS TO BE CODIFIED

After a struggle of five years on the part of The Society of American Indians, Congress has awakened to the necessity of a revised Indian law. On April 20 the House Committee for the Revision of the Indian Law submitted its report. The Indian law as it exists is now to be codified by the elimination of obsolete and duplicating sections and all ambiguous phraseology, and by bringing together under titles and subjects all general laws applicable to legal matters of permanent character. Congress ought to go even further and enact a revised law built up from a matured knowledge of the ethical, social and economic circumstances of the Indian race, always keeping in mind its future as a citizen element in the population of the country.

WANTED: TO SAVE THE BABIES

Capricornus and a Coroner

By GRACE COOLIDGE



AVE you ever lived on a reservation? If so, you have probably sat of a winter evening, cuddled up by your stove and your lamp, cosy in your snug bit of a cabin, your book open on your knees, the wide frosty mountain night all around you. And so sitting you have just listened to the stillness, broken only so little by the whispering and stirring of your fire. When suddenly, bursting across its peace, your ears have been assailed by a wild wierd cry, something between the voice of the torn human soul and brute despair. You are upon your feet at once, of course, peace and reality shattered. Shivers rend you. For well you know what that sound is. Time and again on the reservation you have heard it before. But this time it has come so suddenly, and burst, so eerie and despairing, right into your own home——

It is the Indian wail for the newly dead.

You rush out of doors, stumbling over your fallen book. In the bitter night cold of those high altitudes you wrap up your hands in your apron. Thus you stand listening, your heart in your ears. Half a mile over there across the valley lies the high road, there you can hear the rattle and clatter of an Indian "issue" wagon—the issue wagons rattle more than some—you can even distinguish the thudding of the ponies' feet on the iron ground. Then that wail is lifted again, rising as high as the frosty stars; unreal, and yet the only real thing in the whole wide night; aspiring; despairing; trembling up towards that nebulous path on which tonight a new and shivering soul is journeying.

"Is it Betty's baby. Is it Sadie's. Both those little ones were sick; dying both of them, or is it little May?"

Tomorrow somebody will ride through the ranch with the news, the blind boy, He-sits-in-the-night, perhaps; or some woman will drop in to use your sewing machine, or some man to discuss the lease situation; then you will know. Tonight you can only stand alone and aloof, listening, and wondering.

So when the Commissioner sends out a pamphlet entitled: "Save the Babies," your heart jumps and you read it with hungry eyes.

Of course you have long known the death statistics, 15 per 1000 per annum among the whites, 30-32 among the Indians. Visualized you realize what these figures mean; that death among the whites is mainly confined to its own field, that old age, with only here and there serious depredations among the able-bodied and promising; while with the Indians it is not confined at all. It is everywhere; but mostly, perhaps,

in the cradle. You know well that on that ordinary and typical reservation on which you happen to live that proposition means that *not one family can you recall that has not lost a child!*

Generally the little new-comers are born fat and healthy. For the first year, and over, their rotund, funny little noticing faces peer out at you from under the hood of the baby cases. Then suddenly they begin to change. As you notice them outside in the agency store they appear faded and thin. When next you see them they are coughing. You go down to visit them in the camp and to your great embarrassment you intrude upon a medicine making scene. The sick baby, scrupulously clean, and neatly combed and dressed, but limp and emaciated, the sacred red paint upon its brow, lies across its mother's knees. Every thing seems to stop while you are there. An unwonted stillness prevails. All are most courteous, but, feeling yourself in an awkward situation, you hurry away.

Not long afterwards comes that bitter wail across the night.

Well, the pamphlet says: Teach, Urge, Improve, Extend. But as you read it you find yourself wondering whether its author has ever lived neighbor to the Indians on any reservation, has ever seen the sacred paint on little dying faces or ever heard the cry across the night.

Teach! Almost all the mothers of today have been taught and for twelve of their first eighteen years, in the Government Indian Schools. Urge; Most of them have been most constantly and emphatically urged by teachers and preachers and friends. And many of them are anxious to follow the urging, but one young mother is so feeble to withstand the pressure of a whole tribe. Improve! Most of them and their agencies, and even their homes, have been improved according to "white" ideas. And to many of them the services of some sort of a hospital have been extended, as also those of a field matron. Two generations of school girls, the mothers and grandmothers of today, are the fruit of this teaching and urging and improving; and yet you do not see much advance beyond the old careless—or rather, lawless—insanitary, futile ways of the past. Why? You ask. Why?

There are two deficiencies in Indian life that contribute, you decide, more than any other causes to the appalling degree of mortality, particularly amongst the babies. One is the absolute lack of a milk supply, supplementary to nature's own. So much so, in fact, that the Indian word milk—or "food-water," as he calls it—implies exclusively one kind. If he means cow's milk, he says cow's milk.

When at the age of a year or a year and a half, the first baby is supplanted by the new little brother, the fountain from which he has hitherto freely drawn of life and peace is suddenly denied him, he must go from that bounty to what? Cow's milk, as is the case with the white babies? But if the little brother happens to come in the late winter or early spring, when the camps and all that pertains to them are at their hungriest, no one will have any hay left to feed the cows. Also the Indian country is mainly unfenced, so, even if the cow is able to find

sustenance ranging on the barren winter hills, she will be unavailable for a baby. Besides, the red issue cattle are poor milkers. It would be hard indeed, even under favorable conditions, to coax the milk of one of them to last on from one calf to the next. And again, many of them are just wild range cattle. You do know of one family, perhaps, who, in extremity milked one of their cows for an ailing baby. To do so they were obliged to drive the animal into the branding pen, secure it there with gates, and extract what milk they might from it from between the boards of the fence.

There is of course canned milk in plenty at the trader's store, but in these stores, although a form must be gone through in order to obtain a license to open one, after that is once successfully done, prices are absolutely unrestricted by the Government or other control; many articles are charged for at one hundred per cent higher than the universal prices elsewhere, and canned milk is among the luxuries beyond the Indian purse.

So the camp babies are forced to go from their original plenteous fare, to the meagre larder of the camps, to boiled meat and fried bread and sweetened coffee, a desperate menu for the semi-toothless. The one time fatling grows gaunt and peaked and by the time its second birthday comes round, more often than not it is sleeping in some sunny fold of the hills, snugly wrapped in its beaded and beribboned baby case.

But that babies should die for the sheer lack of milk seems certainly unnecessary. It appears to you that there must be some milk supply adaptable to the Indians' mode of living. And indeed, such is the case, for nature has provided a wet-nurse, the friend and partner of the poor the world around, the saviour of countless peasant babies; one whose rapacious appetite and stomach are appalled at nothing, to whom winter grease-wood and rabbit-brush and bare willow twigs would provide a feast, whose glassy eye could spy out the belated blades of grass among the sagebrush; the faithful, though much ridiculed Harlem Goat.

When camp was moved a goat or two might readily find place to travel in the tail of an Indian wagon. Often have you seen the weak colts transported thus. The goat could live and thrive where the camp did. And also, beside it, might survive, even through the perilous second year, under the benevolent sign of Capricornus, that most precious fatling.

* * *

But not all Indian babies are precious. Not all—the Indians are advancing in civilization—are wanted. And of those who are really cherished, many must yield to the unchecked demands of custom and precedent. You know of one tribe at least whose custom it is to send its mothers, at the hour of child-birth, out from the warm accustomed cabin or teepee into a small frail lodge hastily erected, often right upon the snow. There she and her new born must stay for a period of two

weeks or longer. Many mothers have died from the exposure this custom imposed on them. You have talked to the young women, the ex-school girls, about this. "We don't want to go out there to have our babies," they say. "It is cold, and the bed is thin and hard. And it is wet in the spring time! Louise's mother died that way, and the baby too. They had to put the teepee up right on the snow, and there came the Chinook wind and melted it, and water rose up over the quilts and wet them both. It was in the night and she was alone out there—We don't like going out there but the old women make us. They tell us that nobody would think we were nice if we stayed in the house. They say that our husbands wouldn't think we were, and everybody would talk about us——"

And so, in this case, the twelve years of teaching in the Government school, although they have indeed in a sense taken root, have through outside causes failed of their ultimate object.

Of the not wanted babies there are lives among the Indians as among the whites than can only be saved through the intervention of the law. At present *deaths on a reservation are absolutely unquestioned*. There exists indeed in the West the Coroner, and plenty of him. But always he lives outside the confines of the reservation. He is always the Coroner of the whites. Their business is his business, not the Indians! He drives about in his old dust covered Fremont buggy, behind his pair of rangy cayuses. Many is the distant place to which his grim duty calls him, many the miles of broken Bad Lands he lumbers across, many the creek in flood that he negotiates. Often in his meanderings he must pass over a bit of the reservation, but never does he stop there—except in the case of the death of some white man or negro or Chinese laundryman. No, he drives on, leaving Death squatting, satiated and at home, within the boundary lines that mark the Indians off from the rest of humanity.

You often, do you not, wonder whether the tax payers of this country, they who vote a sum of four million a year to run the Indian Bureau, and incidentally the reservations, realize this fact, that death in the Indian country exists unchallenged. In fact as things stand at present it is decidedly to the advantage of the Indians to hide from the agency the knowledge of a death—for some of their dead have drawn rations and many have shared, to the benefit of their surviving relations, in the disbursement of the per capita tribal funds.

Here is a list of cases, of which you happen to have personal knowledge, which a coroner might have investigated to the advantage of justice and humanity.

(1) A little boy, in his mother's teepee, was accidentally shot by some white men out hunting. He lived for a week after the accident. During that time he was attended by the most powerful medicine woman of the tribe. Among other ministrations she probed the wound with a willow twig, probably prepared with some special "medicine." What the child finally died from—that is, whether directly from the wound or

from a later infection--no one knows for no one competent to judge ever saw the child, although the case made a great stir and took place close to the sub-agency where the Government doctor had an office.

(2) Two little souls in succession slipped out from their bodies, one one year, one the next and this almost before they had established a separate existence from that of their mother. This was at White Buffalo's camp, and happened simply because at the difficult moment of birth they found no hand competent to help them. An old and doting grandmother, with a pride in her own ability, would not listen to the pleading of the young mother and send for the Agency physician, fearing to see her methods superceded. So the poor mother might only tragically endure, and later weep for her lost babies, her lank hair falling loose in mourning about her anguished face. Both of these births took place close to the Agency.

(3) Then there was the little girl whom nobody wanted. Her young mother married after her birth, but a man other than her reputed father, and, as the Indians so poignantly express it, "threw her away." She found asylum in the camp of an austere and indifferent man and his equally hard hearted wife. On one bitter cold night as she slept alone—which in itself is most unusual in the case of a child—insufficiently covered and in the chilly front part of the tent, the camp dogs crept in and snuggled about her for warmth. In the morning it was found that they had smothered her to death. No one was ever held responsible.

(4) Another case was that of the child who died within a few days or its birth because it was administered to with infected scissors. Again by a grandmother who refused to have the doctor in—until too late. Afterwards the mother herself exclaimed to you about it, "What could he know about it. My mother has had eight children. Has he ever borne a child?"

(5) Another is that baby who, at the moment of difficult birth, loses all that life has offered it, its mother. For even before its first cry, her soul has winged its way out from the misery of the smoky teepee. Afterwards, amid the tears of the camp, the little new-born orphan, is swaddled in its bright calico squares—neat with its mother's stitches—unwashed, but with face and head anointed with the sacred red paint, and is laid on the hard breast of all that remains of its earthly mother. And so, wrapped in new bought quilts, the dead and the living are hidden away together in a shallow grave.

(6) And there was the baby who, because "fatherless" was not wanted, and who when it died, as conveniently as mysteriously, was by its own shameless mother, thrust into a rawhide, parfleche case and cast forth among the rocks, and but scantily covered by them. Then the coyotes came nosing, and dragged it forth—The agency doctor knew of this case for in her extremity the young woman had called him in, because in her case no fond grandmother intervened. He reported that the child had been born healthy, and, when word of its premature

death reached him asserted that he would at once take up the case with the Agent. This, however, he failed to do. On being questioned later he stated that he felt that reporting the case to the Agent would do no good as it was really nobody's business to prosecute.

(7) And last of all this sorrowful list was the baby of some mixed bloods who died at the Agency of diphtheria, as also nearly died of the same disease a young white girl, the daughter of one of the agency employees. This because the Government school authorities grew tired of maintaining a long and troublesome quarantine, and finally sent all the well children home, holding the affected ones at the school. No choice as to receiving the children was given to the camp people, for these were not sent for to come and fetch the pupils, as was the custom. Instead, the youngsters were dispatched afoot, distributing themselves and the contagion broadcast over the fifty square miles of the reservation.

You could of course prolong this list almost indefinitely, did you not fear that it is already too long. What you want to show is that, as with the whites, both teaching, *and laws*, are required to be effective. The Indians suffer from too many laws, as things stand, but they also suffer from the absence of certain laws. Just as the children have been compelled to attend school and now, generally speaking, do so universally—barring a few very remote tribes, such as the Navajo—so a death certificate should be obligatory, as should some reputable doctor's attendance at childbirth. These requirements, together with the restricted practice of the medicine men and a closer supervision from headquarters of the way the laws are applied at the agencies; with the support of Capricornus before, and the backing of the coroner afterwards, would in your opinion based on your years of experience, do something at least toward really lowering the present abnormal Indian death rate.



THE UTE WERE NOT ALWAYS SO HUNGER DRIVEN



Ute Indians picking up slaughter house refuse. They are hungry and the frozen offal will stave off starvation until ration day.



The Utes at the Agency awaiting the issue of food. Their hunting grounds are gone and they are hungry.

MY STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS

BY SIMON REDBIRD (Ottawa)



AM an Ottawa. I was born on June 12, 1870 at Northport, Leelanau County, Michigan. My father was a teacher in a public school, and was a graduate of Albion College, Michigan. He was ordained as a regular minister of the gospel and preached in the M. E. Church at Northport for several years. Mother was educated at Alligaan, Michigan and she was also a school teacher for some time.

We lived on a farm two miles west of Northport, Michigan and there I attended a country school commencing when only but five years old, and later I attended Northport high school. My father was planning to send me to Albion College where he himself graduated just as soon as I finished the high school. On the 26th day of December 1886, when I was about sixteen years old, my father died. In the same winter on the 26th day of February mother passed into another world. I was thus left alone, and without even a sister or brother I now had to make my way in the world.

I worked in the great lumber saw mills at Muskegon, Michigan in summer time, doing all kinds of work with machinery and acted as assistant mechanic. At one time I was foreman in the lumber yards with a good substantial wage. In winter time I worked in the famous Michigan lumber camps, cutting down pine forests and transforming them into lumber. This continued from 1887 to 1890. I made good in every respect and felt myself considered well esteemed amongst men. But alas, I felt there was something lacking. I had not the form of education which was the most essential for success in a broader life. I remembered my father's promise that he would send me to school, and when I considered seriously that I ought by all means to have more education, I determined to go to college just as soon as I could get enough funds to pay my way through.

In 1890 I commenced to negotiate to enter some school at Albion, Michigan, for I then had the money to pay my tuition and expenses. One of my friends wrote me saying that there is a United States Government Indian school at Lawrence, Kansas, and another at Carlisle, Pa., and if I wanted to go to Kansas he said he could make arrangements for me to go. My friend said, "Everything will be free for you, transportation, tuition, board, not only that but all your clothing will be given to you free." That was a tempting proposition and most alluring offer to a poor ignorant fellow, so in spite of former plans, I accepted, though reluctantly.

Did I make a mistake by accepting free tuition? I think I have. If I had gone to some other school than a free Indian school and paid

AN OTTOWA INDIAN ARCHITECT



Simon Redbird plans and builds houses. He has been in the Indian Service of the Government for many years but found his way out of it and now is acting as city architect for Genoa, Nebraska. After his years of experience Redbird is now sorry he took a "free education" when he once had money to pay for it. What he has to say will be of interest to every young man or woman starting out in life.

my own expenses, I would be far better equipped and better educated today. In taking something I did not earn I made a bitter mistake and my whole life has been marred by it. A party of Indian children and youths made an application for a superintendent to come after us. Dr. Charles F. Meserve who was then a superintendent at Haskell came and we helped to get other children until twenty were in our party bound for Haskell Institute. On the 3rd day of October, 1890, we registered our names as bound under the Institution for five years, which seemed a very long time.

While I attended Haskell I made rapid progress both in my studies and industrial work; as a result I had rapid promotions. In a short time I was appointed as assistant carpenter, and before graduating I was appointed as the regular staff carpenter. On June 24th, 1896, I finished the grammar course and received my diploma. After finishing the prescribed course of study under the institution, it seemed that there was still nothing intellectually to me, no real education did I acquire, and what little I did gain, I could not depend upon for my life existence. I was still helpless as a man of learning.

In the spring of 1897, I was transferred to Fort Lewis Indian School Colorado, as a regular carpenter. The school is situated in a lonely and rugged mountain and desert region of sage brush on one side and rocks on the other. Very lonely in this place and with nothing to do after work hours, I took up a Course of Architecture in the International Correspondence School of Scranton, Pa. While pursuing this course, I put in the hardest work on my studies I ever had in my life, sitting up sometimes way after midnight solving difficult mathematical problems, learning formulas pertaining to architecture, practicing as draftsman and architectural designer, and studying engineering, building superintendence, contract and permits. This course benefited me more than anything else. I paid for it and by effort grasped it without even a helper at my side.

In March, 1903, I was transferred to Genoa Indian School, Nebraska, as carpenter, working eight hours per day and holidays, Saturday afternoons. Outside of that, it was my own time. I have continued to practice as an architect for the last thirteen or fourteen years. I never was idle. I took up a course from the Engineer's Equipment Co., of Chicago, from which was assured to me another certificate as Draftsman and Architectural Designer. Then again, I took up a course with The Chicago Technical College. I sometimes go there and study during my vacations, and so I am still a student under that college, taking a course of home study.

During the thirteen years I was employed at the Genoa Indian School with a very small salary, I became well known in the city of Genoa. People came to me and consulted me about their buildings, though I never did soliciting, nor do I ever advertise, or hunt up work of this kind. The work that came was given me voluntarily, and as a result, I have designed several buildings in the city,—residences, busi-

ness buildings and assembly halls, which have been already erected and constructed. Some of these buildings now stand majestically upon the main street of Genoa. I have done this work of drafting and designing outside of official work hours, while employed at the Indian School.

I have also designed some of the buildings at the school and superintended their construction, without any extra compensation whatever, for I was employed and officially rated only as a carpenter, and yet I was expected to do all the more expert kind of work on a carpenter's salary. In spite of my efficiency and ability to cope with the work which piled upon me, the superintendent wanted me to resign for the reason that he bore some malice against me.

The Board of Education of Genoa had elected me as their architect during the past summer when they put up their high school building, and during the preliminary arrangements for drawing up plans, sometimes they would come after me in their automobile soon after five o'clock, after working hours, and when the superintendent saw me whirling away toward the town, this made him all the more furious and show more of his old time characteristic drive. He wanted to reduce my meager salary, and recommended my transfer without my consent, and when I didn't accept he gave me "so much time" to leave the grounds. There was absolutely no use to continue in the Indian Department Service, for I saw I could not expect to make any lasting success, or to elevate my life's work, no matter what good new and better qualification I might possess. In spite of the fact that the Indian school officials are against me, still the people of my town respect me, and I have trebled my earning power, and have a wider chance to practice in my profession.

I was in the Indian Service consenting to such meager salary for a very good reason for I desired to act in a truly missionary spirit amongst the Indian students and do all I could for them, elevate them, put them upon a solid footing for their life's work. Many of them are now doing good, I am glad to say, because of what they received under my instructions in the shops in which they have worked and acquired their professions. Even now, after I am outside, I shall continue to help my own race, though I can not have now the same intimate day by day influence.

I will now set forth herewith just where I stand, that I am a full blood American (American means also American Indian) citizen belonging to the Ottawas of Michigan, a voter and a heavy tax payer, the same as any other full American citizen of the United States. When I said, am a full fledged citizen, I suspect some of the domineering Government Indian Service officials will scorn the statement, though we Americans ought to be included in the meaning and intent of the famous Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I said in the beginning, that I was ready to go to school under my

own expenses, but turned to the Government School, because "it was free." It is conceded to be a fact that those who train and who educate themselves through their own resources are the ones who are generally recognized as being successful as educators, leading business men and professional men everywhere. Training of one's own self, earning one's own education, working with one's own hands, are more practical ways to acquire ability because the student then actually knows that he is getting his own education, "paid for," by hard work. He does his work more thoroughly and does his work as an individual, not as a member of a large class in the Indian School, who is merely herded and driven. If we are to keep in the front rank of the progressive nation, we must have the same foresight as they have by providing for ourselves an effective education, the only sharp weapon we can have in the life's battle. If we acquire this education when our chance comes, we will be ready. As Abraham Lincoln said, "I will study and get ready and maybe my chance will come." He was so determined to succeed that he brushed all obstacles aside; he made the most of what slender advantages he had; he used every spare moment for study and when his chance did come he was ready and because of this he did not fail.

Now, I must say, if there is any one, who has the will to earn and save money, who has plenty of grit and who wants to make a glorious success of his life, strive to go to the best institutions of learning. But first choose your profession, then go to college or university, and stay with it until you reach a high degree of training. Whenever a man is thrown upon his own resources, it makes him self-reliant and self-confident.

A GERMAN PLOT—A TRUE STORY

A VERY dignified Sioux and his wife stopped a day in a large city, on their way to visit the Utes. They were accustomed to travel. In their younger days, they had been in Europe.

Having refreshed themselves at their hotel, they took a Seeing Car and enjoyed the spin around the city.

Later in the day, they decided to purchase a few trinkets to send the little grandchildren, at home. They visited the jewelry stores, looking for things suitable for their little ones.

They noticed an elderly man rise from his chair behind a desk and walk by them, eyeing them closely. Back and forth, he paced, watching these customers examining the jewelry.

Finally he said to the clerk, in passing by, "Get all you can out of them. They are only Indians." He said this in German.

He had no sooner started off toward his desk, when he halted by hearing a strange voice addressing him in his own native tongue.

"Even if we are only Indians, you should not forget that some Indians speak German." This in German.

A SHORT STORY OF MY LIFE

BY HOWARD WHITEWOLF (Comanche)



WAS born about 1866, somewhere west of the Wichita Mountains, in Indian Territory, of Comanche parents. I can remember, as a dream, that White Eagle said he had received a revelation from the Great Spirit that the white men's guns would have nothing but powder in them, and no bullets. The Cheyennes and Comanches believed this, and attacked the white buffalo hunters, in what is called the Battle of Adobe Walls. The white men's guns had bullets, and some of our leading men were killed. My father was one of the dead. This happened in the spring before the fall in which we surrendered to the United States Government. The surrender was at Pecan Creek, near the present town of Hobart, Okla. The bows, arrows and shields were taken from our warriors, and were burned. Then the white soldiers marched the defeated Indian soldiers to Fort Sill, the Indian chiefs being allowed to ride horseback. All were imprisoned.

For one year I was in the Fort Sill Government school, near the present town of Lawton, Okla. At the close of this year several Comanche boys and girls were sent to Carlisle. My uncle sent me. This was in 1879, and we were the first Comanches to go to Carlisle. Col. Pratt was the superintendent of the school. When I went to Carlisle, I could not talk any English. And, when I would see a white man coming, I would run away as fast as my legs would carry me. I remained at Carlisle three years, being taught in my books, playing in the band, and learning the shoemaker trade. At that time I did not realize, as I did years after, the importance of education. After my opportunity was gone I could see it very plainly.

When my three years were up, I came home to my Comanche people. For about a year I tried to follow the white man's way in dress, and then gave it up. Though I had been trained at school, my mind was still "wild," and I thought the Indian way better. My mother had died before I went to Carlisle. So, with no loving parents' hand to guide me, I went astray.

Some friends of mine, soldiers at Fort Sill, persuaded me to drink, on a fourth of July. I got drunk. For several years my life was spoiled by whiskey. For a while I worked as interpreter for cattlemen, and kept on drinking. When the missionary, Mr. Frank Wright, invited me to come to meeting, I would not go. Then a Camp Meeting came. Many Indians went. My wife wanted to go, but I did not want to go. We were among the last to go. When we went, I took along two dollar bottles of whiskey with me. The first morning of the Camp Meeting no interpreter was present. Mr. Wright and Elder Nahwats were looking for a man to interpret. They came to my tent, and I hid away.

A COMANCHE CONVERT AND LEADER



Howard Whitewolf, the Comanche interpreter, in this issue of the American Indian Magazine tells the story of his life. Once a member of a warrior band and once debauched by the use of the white man's rum he was led by his little son to a better and more useful life. His story is similar to many others in the mission field, for experience has shown that Indians may become anything they desire to be, even Christians.

They found me, and asked me to interpret. With fear in my heart, I promised to do so. My hair was long, my face painted, and a sheet was tied around me. Mr. Wright preached, and I interpreted. My little son Edward gave himself to Christ that day. After the meeting, the Church officers talked to me. I told them that, if they believed I was a lost sinner, I would like them to pray for me. After meeting was dismissed that morning, I went to my tent, took the bottles of whiskey, went to the creek and broke them on a rock. From that time I thought about being a Christian, and told the officers of the Church that I would at the next Camp Meeting, in a year. I kept my promise, and have been a Christian since. Really, it was my little boy who led me. The Bible says: "A little child shall lead them."

About a year after my conversion, I was employed at the mission as an interpreter. For many years I have held this position and, today, I am still the interpreter at the Comanche Mission of the Reformed Church, with Rev. R. H. Harper, the missionary.

My three years in school helped me along. What I learned in English helped me to become an interpreter. I do not want others to follow my way, and lose their opportunity. We are proud of the Indian men and women who have received a good education. They can do more for their people. These are the people we need to lead us,—men who are good Christians, who are educated, and who will fight for the Indians. We must not depend upon the white people too much, but must depend upon ourselves also. If we do this, we shall make greater progress in civilization.

In the Battle of Adobe Walls the Indians fought with bows and arrows, and the white men with rifles. The arrows would not reach as far as the white men's bullets. So the Indians were defeated. It is so today. The Indian young men and young women who fail to get an education are like the warriors of the old days with their bows and arrows. The white men are trained to do business. If the Indian does not take this training, like a soldier drilling with his rifle, he will be cheated and will lose money and land.

I appeal to all Indian young people to get the best training they can. We need more leaders like Henry Roe Cloud and Arthur Parker, who can stand side by side with the white man and do business as he does it.



"WORK WITH A SMILE AND KEEP ON WORKING"

SUCCESS comes only to the man who is willing to work for it. No man can give another success but only opportunity. Opportunity is all that this Onondaga Indian boy asked when he left his home reservation and went out into the world. He could not speak English at 21 years of age and his education was only that which he could pick up in the woods and on the little farm. Two things this Onondaga could do; he could work and he could smile, for the world seemed a place so full of interest and of opportunity he felt that he must do both.



CHARLES M. DOXON

In a world of strange things the Indian boy found himself regarded as worth while mostly for what he was able to do. Immediately he saw the need of training for a better sort of work than he could do with his unskilled hands. At first he did work with his hands at hard labor and then as he learned English he went to school. In after years he trained himself still further by a course at Hampton. He had conquered ill health, the lack of the English tongue and the lack of training. He stayed at Hampton to instill the spirit of thrift and of service into the Indian boys there. Then he went out into the world of industry and took his place at the bench with skilled mechanics. Again he succeeded. Every man who knew him was the better for his acquaintance. A man who loved work with a passion and smiled at difficulty was worth while knowing.

HOSQUASAGADA—CHARLES DOXON

BY MABEL POWERS

OUT of the Great Mystery and into the Great Mystery, a noble Indian soul has passed. The brief day, the few suns he was here, he followed the trails of Onondaga, and threaded his way through the industrial highways of Syracuse, and was known as Charles Doxon, Hosquasagada "the woodsman," an Onondaga.

"Onondaga" he repeated to us one night as we saw the name flashed on the sky, "that name means great deal to me." Pride of race and loyalty to his people beat strong in that Indian heart of his. Charles Doxon never forgot—nor wanted to forget—that he was an Indian.

Born into abject reservation poverty, sitting oftentimes on a bench in a dark corner of an Indian lodge waiting hungrily for relatives to eat their frugal meal that he might gather the few scraps that remained, this starved child made his way to a place of economic independence and industrial efficiency, of marked leadership and service to his people. His story falls nothing short of the heroic.

At eighteen he had not been off the reservation. He could neither read, write, nor speak a word of English, for he had been warned to watch out for the devil that lurked between the covers of a printed book. But one day this young Indian arose and shook the reservation dust from his feet and hit the work trail. Some little girls taught him to read, write and speak English by the way. The work trail led to Hampton. There for three years he worked from four a. m. to seven p. m. to get two hours of industrial training in the evening. At the end of three years he became an engineer. Then three years more passed in the mastery of English and acquiring a common school education. He now became a builder of locomotives, working and studying nights until his product ranked with the best. He then returned to Hampton and for several years taught other Indians the work habit, to know with him the joy that comes to the man who knows how. And with what patience, with what sympathy, this man who had mastered the task, worked with those struggling with it! He knew how they felt "playing with the white man's work," obeying the call of a steam whistle, they, who had measured time only by sunrises and sunsets. The infinite patience of this man in dealing with his red brother was divine. Never have we heard a harsh or unkind criticism fall from his lips. Like Lincoln, he could find an excuse for the shortcomings of all—especially his Indian people. Yet he never condoned those shortcomings, but ever pointed the way on toward the Great Sky Trail.

No man, woman, or child ever approached Charles Doxon in sincerity and in need who did not receive a word of encouragement and a lift. His charity, kindness, appreciation and love were universal. Each day found him at his work, in his place—and "helping on." A life of industry, application and service was more convincing, he felt to

other Indians than words. He did not tell others how to do, he himself did. Out of the shop, his time was spent largely in betterment work for his people, caring for the sick, feeding the hungry, promoting their industrial activities, and attempting to secure better legislation. This was the way he used his margin.

But the drive of the white man's civilization pressed him too hard. That starved childhood and incessant indoor labor exacted their price. He had no reserve, no resistance to meet the pneumonia that developed. The night before the morning he was taken to the hospital had been used for his people. His last work was for them. That day had also found him in his place in the shop of the Franklin Motor Works. "I want to drop in the harness," he often said. The Great Spirit had been kind. His wish had been granted him.

In the creation story of the Iroquois, the world rested on the turtle's back. It was his privilege to uphold the world. Hosquasagada was born into the turtle clan, and for many years he carried the Onondaga world. But he, too, had carried it not as a burden, but in joy and as a privilege. No man ever exerted a greater unifying influence on the reservation. He was a clearing house for all Indian feeling and controversy. Pagans and christians alike, loved him. He served them all. The Onondagas have lost their best friend, and greatest peacemaker.

In the olden times the man who could strike fire the quickest became the Firemaker chief of the tribe. His hand and brain worked surest and best, therefore, he was thought best fitted to lead the people. But sometimes a man arose among them so great that he could strike not only the fire we see, but the fire we do not see, the fire of love in men's hearts, then he was made a Peacemaker chief. This was the highest seat the Iroquois could give one of their number.

Such a man was Charles Doxon, a harmonizer, a friction eliminator, not only in his industrial life as a motor assembler, but in his tribal, social, and religious life. The occupation was significant of the man. We have never known a man, Indian or white, whose heart so sang over a manifestation of brotherhood, and unity as did this Indian's heart.

Knowing that a man's conception of God is determined by his comprehension, he had no quarrel with the pagan. He knew that the Christ spirit had always been—and that the so-called pagan has his revelation as well as the Christian. He asked nothing for himself, no privilege, that all could not share on equal terms. He never turned his back on a task, but shouldered his end of the load—and it was the big end. His face was ever toward the sunrising. He kept the needle of his soul pointing true north. If for a moment the needle wavered, it was that he might better understand the weakness of all men. Limitations, faults! Of course he had them—enough to make him a great man and human leader. Abdul Bahaia says "If a man have nine bad points and one good mention the good." Surely when a man measures nine plus, limitations may be omitted.

Charles Doxon never got away from his people. How closely he

carried them to his Indian heart only those in his confidence knew. Unassumingly, with a quiet dignity and joy this man came and went on foot among them. Because he was of the people and shared their common joys, sorrows, and labors—yet was able to interpret and transfigure them, his influence was the more potent and permanent. One such man redeems a race. He did not go about reforming, consciously doing good. He remembered that Christ worked at a carpenter's bench. So Squasagada lived and worked "by the side of the road, and was a friend to man." For him it was enough to BE, and because he WAS, he still IS. His tall form no more is seen on the Onondaga trails, but his spirit goes marching on. Onondaga is a better place because he has been there.

Not many moons ago he wrote us of a dream. In his youth it seems he had done some running. Again in his dream he had hit the pace and was on a long distance run. "And every little while as I ran" he said, "I looked at myself from head to feet, and smiled at my beautiful form. How I could run! The strength and beauty of form of the Indian of three centuries ago was mine! When I awoke, I went smiling on my way to work."

Wrapped in their snow white blankets the Onondaga Hills, those silent sentinels and guardians of the nation which he loved so well, witnessed the return of their brother to the breast of Mother Earth. From her he had had life. To her he must return and pay the loan in full. A long line of dusky Red Children and paleface brothers threaded their way along the newly broken snow trail. In mute grief they paused at the fresh turned earth. "One good man, One long sleep" they said and passed on. "One long sleep! "No! One great awakening! One glorious sunrise! A new day for work and service! There is no death, Death spells "more life." With fresh strength and new joy, Squasagada has entered upon that long distance run! And his people! His voice rings clearer and more cheery than ever before, "Onondagas, up and on! Jagoh!"



IN GOVERNING THE INDIAN, USE THE INDIAN

BY JOHN M. OSKISON

From "Case and Comment"



NE of my fellow tribesmen, now a member of Congress from Oklahoma, helped me to form my ideas of the ability of the Indian to understand his own problems, and to fight effectively for their right solution. He was the attorney of my people in the days when the Dawes Commission were at work on the complicated business of settling the affairs of the Five Tribes.

I was very young then, and "Bill" Hastings was no graybeard either, having arrived at about the age of twenty-eight. I remember with something of a thrill the curt, bouncing manner of the young Cherokee attorney. In the particular session I remember, Hastings was fighting the claims of certain descendants of negro slaves owned by Cherokees, and he was battering down the structure of proof reared by the negro claimants' white attorney. There was a certain cool, sarcastic quality in the Cherokee attorney's questions and comments—the assured manner of the man who knows exactly what he is talking about and is out to puncture the other fellow's vague claims and theories. So far as I could see, the fact that Hastings was an Indian created no prejudice in the minds of those white men who were sitting to hear the arguments.

A good while I carried that impression. Then I began to come in contact with young and educated Indians of other tribes, who told me that at home, on their reservations, they were merely subjects of the white man put there by the government to administer Indian affairs. They had no standing, no voice, no influence—unless they chose to follow unquestioningly the policy of the agent or superintendent. Usually, these young men and young women had specific proof of incompetence or graft in certain features of reservation administration,—not difficult to find in view of the miscellaneous character of the men sent out to take charge. But they found it difficult to get a hearing anywhere.

My new Indian friends opened up to me another vision of the Indian from that I had known. To me, Hastings, university trained, fighting before white men for the interests of his tribe, seemed perfectly logical. I had been told that the legislature of my tribe as early as 1819, a quarter of a century before any such laws were enacted by the whites, had prohibited traffic in liquor. Of course, the Indians knew their own

problems! I have had to give up much of my early pride in the work done for Indians by Indians, what has been true of my own tribe is not typical of the reservations. There has been a thirty-three-year period of suppression which has done infinite harm to the theory of Indian leadership. It began about 1883, when Grant's policy of placing the agencies under missionary control was abandoned in favor of the spoils system. Under the guidance of church workers, the reservation Indian was encouraged, not merely to become a religious leader, but also a leader in the industrial education of his people. Missions could grow fastest when they could count upon active help from those men and women who were natural leaders.

However, it was no system for the spoilsman agent! He was a politician, ignorant of Indian government methods. He knew what a white community of the size of the reservation over which he was given control would expect in the shape of government, and he tried to give that system of regulations and that theory of industrial organization to the Indians under his jurisdiction.

The political agent has seldom been in sympathy with the Indians. Unlike the agent working under the stimulus of missionary zeal, he has regarded his exile to the reservation as a real hardship. So he tackled his job in a spirit of "let-me-alone-if-you-don't-want-to-get-into-trouble!" Such was the attitude of the average honest agent after 1883. Of course, the grafter was even more intent upon getting into his own hands control of all reservation activities. So, the old men and women who used to exercise authority over the practical affairs of their people and guide, their moral development, were shoved into the background—into a permanent obscurity. Councils continued, but more and more they were spoken of by the agents as long-winded, time-killing, powwows. Almost any Commissioner of Indian Affairs, after six months in the office at Washington, felt qualified to act on any reservation as a wise representative of the "Great Father." Of necessity, he had to back the authority of his agents,—and that meant stilling the voices of those Indian leaders who dared to disagree with the agent's policy.

True enough, tribes continued to send delegations to Washington, and the President heard them. But what could he do except to refer their bill of complaint to the Indian Commissioner with instruction to look into it? What could the Commissioner do except to refer it to his appointed agents and inspectors? And finally what could they do except to insist that their original acts or policies were best for the Indians?

Old-time Indian leadership and wisdom fell under the ban along with long hair and the shoulder blanket.

It has been forty-five years since General Ely Parker, a Seneca Indian who had been on Grant's staff and acted as his secretary in the Civil War, left the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs. No one of Indian blood has since been found worthy to hold that office! The roll of

Indians chosen to fill subordinate positions of responsibility in the service is pitifully short.

Yet education has gone forward—through many mission schools, through government reservation schools and such outside institutions as Carlisle, Haskell, Hampton, and Sherman Institute. A large number of young men and women of Indian blood have departed from the reservations to pursue college and technical courses. They have become able professional men and women in the large cities of the country. When I go to the annual meeting of the Society of American Indians (organized to bring such as they into co-operation) I meet them from about every corner of our country, except the reservations.

This is not written merely as a lament over lost opportunities. I suppose most readers are fairly familiar with the theory that Indian affairs in this country have been badly managed; and they do not lack knowledge of the evidence. What I want to say now is, that there is yet time to revise our theory.

In the states of Arizona, New Mexico, California, South Dakota, Montana, Minnesota, North Dakota, Idaho, and Washington are some 128,000 of the least advanced of our Indians. Thus 95 per cent of Arizona's 30,000 Navajos, Apaches, Pimas, Papagos, and smaller groups are full-bloods; of New Mexico's 21,000 the percentage is 99; about 13,500 of South Dakota's 19,000 are full-bloods: while in Nevada and Idaho the proportions are 87 per cent and 84 per cent. Here live our real "problems"; the pure strain Indians who do not talk English, whose education is hardly started, who are still vague about the meaning of white civilization.

In such tribes as these you may find survivors of the old generation of leaders—mature people upon whom the hand of the agent has as yet fallen only lightly. If you want to know about the government of the vital affairs of the Navajos, go back into the mountains of Arizona and New Mexico, not to the office of the superintendent! So, with the Apaches. So, with the Oglala and Teton Sioux of South Dakota, the Utes of Colorado and Utah, the Assiniboin, Cheyenne, Crow, and Piegan tribes of Montana.

These people have a long march ahead—many years of effort to understand white government, of difficult adaptation to white civilization. Consult any recent report of the Indian Bureau to get an idea of what bewildering questions of irrigation, assisted stock raising, leasing, school administration, timber utilization, modern farming, are being thrust upon them for action. And the multitude of problems affecting the personal life of the families.

One would think that our government would bid eagerly for the help of the old people in these tribes; try by every means to make them allies, give them as full measure of responsibility during the transition time as they could be induced to shoulder. One would suppose that the few young Indians from those tribes who have had training in the higher

non-reservation schools and in the white man's colleges would be drafted into the service and set to work.

They are not. The few exceptions may be listed on the back of an envelope.

I recall the talk of an enlightened member of the Board of Indian Commissioners (an unpaid body of men established by President Grant to act as advisers to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, but with no administrative authority) some years ago. I refer to it here to illustrate the waste of ability under our thirty-three-year-old system of Indian management.

Dr. Gates had made a trip from his home in Massachusetts across the country to California; and on his way back (as a representative of the Board of Indian Commissioners) he had visited the Modoc and Klamath tribes in Oregon, and the Blackfeet and Fort Peck reservations in Montana. They were very brief visits, yet in his talk Dr. Gates mentioned Henry Jackson, old Chief Lalu, Henry Wilson, Jesse Kirk (of the Oregon tribes), and three old Blackfeet judges of the court of Indian offenses—presiding Judge Shorty White-Grass, and associate judges Little Plume and Wolf Tail, besides the 150 Northern Yanktonai Sioux and Assiniboines who met him in council at Fort Peck. These pure strain Indians had impressed him in a way to make him hold them in mind for months after his return to a busy schedule of duties as president of Amherst College.

A sitting of the court of Indian offenses at the Blackfeet agency was described with too great detail to quote here, though it makes a fascinating picture of Indian justice in operation. One case which Dr. Gates heard through was that of Cowbedding v. Cowbedding, man and wife. Under a more developed civilization, the action would probably have been for a separation, with an allowance to Mrs. Cowbedding. There had been a quarrel, a blow, and both parties had made application, through the Indian police, to the court for a determination of the rights of the case.

Very patiently and solemnly, Judge Shorty White-Grass ("immense head, strongly marked features, a deep chest and powerful arms and shoulders, and a voice which would fill easily the chamber of our House of Representatives at its noisiest," with a green parrot perched on his left arm and whispering into his ear from time to time) and his two associates listened to the stories of both man and wife. They agreed exactly except upon one minor point. When both had finished, the judges went into consultation; and Shorty White-Grass rendered the decision. It was preceded by a lecture, "as kindly a mingling of paternal and neighborly advice with the administration of rudimentary justice as one could ever hope to hear." The two would not be punished in any way; they must sit together there in the court room and think over the right thing to do. Personally, the judge thought the right thing was for them to forget their quarrel and go home. Still, he would leave the decision to them. They sat silent for half an hour, then looked round at one another and "quietly

rose and went out together. As I looked out the window, I saw an almost unheard-of sight—an Indian man helping his wife to mount her saddle horse!"

At Fort Peck, one of the oldest chiefs among the Assiniboinés was quoted to Dr. Gates by the interpreter in these words: "When I was a young chief, all the young men kept silence and the old men talked in council; and that was right, for the old men knew, and we did what the old men said. But I have lived to see a time when the other thing must be done. We old men must be silent, and we must hear the young men speak. For we must all go the white man's way. There is no other way now. The buffalo are gone. There is no game. And the old men could not go East. But our children have gone east, and they know the white man's way. A light comes from the East, and our young men have seen it. We old men must listen to them. We must keep silent and go as the young men tell us—in the white man's way."

This speech was the summing up of recent history for those Indians; it came after a number of returned Carlisle students had been called upon by the old people to talk of what they had learned about the "new way" in the East.

In the administration of tribal business of real importance none of these men who impressed Dr. Gates had any part. To be sure, Shorty White-Grass, Little Plume, and Wolf Tail sat there as a court of Indian offenses, but in any case of actual importance their decision would have amounted to nothing without the O. K. of the agent.

Those young men, home from Carlisle, to whom the old men listened were not in the Indian service—or, if they were, their jobs were agency tailor, police, blacksmith, or herder. Every clerk or teacher or other employee who was called upon to exercise discretion was a white appointee.

To some genuine friends of the Indians—that is, a gathering of representative Americans—I recently made the plea which I take the liberty of repeating here:

"To give educated, or otherwise capable, Indians a larger part in the administration of Indian affairs, and to let the Indians generally know more about what is being done for them—these are two essentials of reform in our Indian Bureau.

"I have no complaint to make against the personnel of the bureau. The days of the wholly incompetent political agent are safely past, and in aggregate numbers Indian employees of the government make a fine showing. But in friendly earnest I want to say this: So far as I have been able to see, it is all but impossible for the sort of educated Indians I know best—leaders in our own Society of American Indians—to work for the Indian Bureau, and therefore for their people. Either they never get a chance at any responsible position, or they get into hot water and are turned out as 'trouble makers'—a phrase much used in the Indian service.

"Why are they branded as 'trouble makers?' I don't know positively,

but I have a very good idea. Being Indian, and sympathetic, they find out a great many things that need attention—matters involving neglect, inattention, petty criminality and immoralities. They bring these matters to the notice of the agent or superintendent. He is working hard, and convinced that he is doing well as an administrator. He resents having criticisms of his policy thrust under his eyes. He sends a complaint to Washington, and the Indian employee is either transferred to some unfamiliar work or dismissed.

"I have talked to a number of these 'trouble makers' at great length; I think they are exceptionally alert and balanced individuals; the detailed stories they tell me of their experiences convince me that all the troubles they ever started ought to have been started.

"Isn't it worth while for the government, through the Bureau of Indian Affairs, to make special efforts to use the capable men and women of the race—not merely as policemen and tailors and cooks and laundry helpers, but in positions of leadership? 'Trouble makers' cannot, at any rate, be accused of indifference; they have energy. Can't their interest and energy be utilized? Must it continue to be impossible for such young Indians as are making their way as doctors and lawyers and business men and trained nurses and singers and members of Congress to serve their race by taking some share in the administration of Indian lands equal in area to New England plus New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland; and in the settlement of money and human problems vital to some 270,000 of their fellows? Shall we go on excluding from our governing councils those who know the hearts of 150,000 full-bloods who still must be shown how to walk in the white man's way?"

Why not try, in governing the Indian and in administering his affairs, to use the Indian?





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ARTHUR C. PARKER—EDITOR GENERAL

EDITORIAL OFFICE

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Subscriptions are included in membership to the Society. Persons not members may secure *The American Indian Magazine* upon the regular subscription of \$1.00 per volume.

THE EDITORIAL COUNCIL invites friends of the race to unite with the native American in providing this quarterly Magazine with a high quality of contributions. Although contributions are reviewed as far as possible, *The American Indian Magazine* merely prints them and the authors of the accepted articles are responsible for the opinions they express. The ideas and desires of the individuals may not be in harmony with the policy or expressed beliefs of the Society but upon a free platform free speech cannot be limited. Contributors must realize that this journal cannot undertake to promote individual interests or engage in personal discussions. "The honor of the race and the good of the country shall be paramount."

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TWO EFFICIENT OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY
OF AMERICAN INDIANS



Miss Margaret Frazier, (Sioux), Vice President on Membership, and Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, Zitkala-Sa, (Sioux), Secretary of the Society, as they appeared at the Cedar Rapids Conference last year.

THE EDITOR'S DESK

STEPPING UPWARD

A NEW departure makes possible greater assurances of success for *The American Indian Magazine*. We have placed the publication of the magazine in the hands of an energetic committee which is to constitute the Board of Managing Editors. Every member of this Board feels a deep consciousness of his or her obligation to the Indian and to the Country. Our policy shall be a constructive one characterized neither by pessimism nor by optimism. Both these things are extremes; we desire sanity. Our desire is to become builders and not destroyers. At the same time we shall vigorously oppose the evils that beset the red race. Evils must always be fought.

The condition of the paper market and the advance in the cost of printing made it necessary to change the form of our publication somewhat. Its policy will remain the same however, clean cut, fair and square and catering neither to prejudice nor to politics.

We have a genuine mission and it must be pleasing to our readers to note how one by one the things that we have advocated are becoming accepted facts and that reforms are actually in progress along the lines we have laid down.

We expect to succeed solely by virtue of our adherence to just and honest principles, "With malice toward none and charity for all "

THE SUMMER NUMBER OF OUR MAGAZINE

THE next issue of *The American Indian Magazine* will contain several exceptionally fine articles. Among them will be, *The American Indian's Appeal*, the prize winning oration in the inter-collegiate oratorical contest, by A. B. Freeman, a Sioux Indian born in Boston. John M. Oskison, will have an original article on the *New Indian Leadership*, a story written with rare insight of conditions. Mrs. Coolidge has favored us with another one of her true stories of the Reservations. This time it is "The Carpenter who had no one to set him straight." Mrs. Coolidge's stories will shortly appear in book form. Bertha Crouch Baker has contributed another of her delightful tales, this time one about "The Red Horse Family." It is an Indian "make-you-glad story." The heavy article is "Absorbing the Indian," by M. B. Hannah, of Leland Stanford University. Besides these titles there will be others of real merit and the Editor will as usual have something to say.

We are told by our engraver that he has some good pictures also for the Summer number. We are going to have more pictures in the future issues and show the Indian and his friends in every light and shadow. The Summer number will not be so late in the Quarter as the Spring number.

AN ALL INDIAN NUMBER OF "CASE AND COMMENT"

IT takes real genius coupled with genuine ability to make a magazine successful. It takes a fertile mind to keep a magazine from becoming an old story. We know of one man who has all the qualifications needful for successful magazine making. He has the mind, he has the genius and he has a good manager and good assistants. We refer to Asa W. Russell of Rochester, Editor of *Case and Comment*, the Lawyers' magazine. Out of a trade circular he has built up a sterling publication that reaches lawyers the country over. Many Indians and their friends were delighted with the February number of *Case and Comment* because it was an "all Indian number." This was one of the publications promised at the Cedar Rapids conference by the Editor of *The American Indian Magazine* as coming out for the Indian. All shades of Indian opinion are represented and the issue will be treasured for a long time to come as a work of reference. Thanks are due not only Editor Russell but Captain B. R. Briggs and E. Gordon Lee of the Lawyers Cooperative Publishing Co. The Indian issue of *Case and Comment* is only one of the small things the Society of American Indians has been able to bring about. A better understanding of the race problem will result from publicity of this character.

INDIAN OFFICERS IN FRANCE

RECENTLY word was sent *The American Indian Magazine* mentioning the recovery of an old-time Indian friend in a French field-hospital. The young Indian is Harold, the son of Joseph Tahan Griffis and our information is that he is serving in a cavalry regiment as a non-commissioned officer.

Another dispatch mentions Lieutenant Sylvester Longlance the Cherokee Indian who was some years ago appointed to West Point by President Wilson. Evidently Longlance wanted to begin his military training in the school of the last resort, the firing line, for he did not accept his West Point appointment, but did enlist in the Princess Pat regiment in Canada. He has had good military training at the St. John's Military School at Manlius, New York and thus had ample qualifications as an officer when he went to the front. It is quite probable that his training at Carlisle and his success as Captain of the Cadet battalion led to his selection of an army career.

The first news of his presence in France comes through one of his former teachers at Carlisle. He is "somewhere in France" and on the firing line, and gives his address as 1033198 P. P. C. L. I., Army P. O., London, England.

When the story of the war has been written it will be found that old Carlisle has had more than one brave graduate in this gigantic struggle for international brotherhood and democracy.

NO, WE DO NOT VOUCH FOR CLIPPED NEWS ARTICLES

IN the October-December number of the Magazine we printed two news items that had been clipped from papers and which caused some of our readers to think we endorsed what was written. One North Dakota item mentioned that Mr. Thomas Sloan had defended a Peyote case and that the courts had refused to prosecute the defendant any further. Most of our readers took the statement as merely a reflection of an actual happening and did not think we endorsed peyote thereby. However, others thought we were partial to the peyote eaters. One of the most active opponents of the peyote cult, a woman who has fought the practise on the Pacific coast and in the Rocky Mountain states summed up the case by saying, "I understand exactly why you published the news clipping; it was to let us know what the courts said and what interests were defending the use of the peyote drug." This far seeing lady saw through the entire plan, and she is right. We now know how to amend the laws and who is supporting the so-called peyote or mescal religion. These are good things to know and to have widely known.

Again, we printed an article, or part of one, from the Buffalo *Echo*, telling of Rev. Gordon's visit to the New York Senecas and of his controversy at Haskell Institute. Several persons wrote attacking the truth of the *Echo's* statements. For example it was asked where the seven hundred Catholic Senecas of New York were as stated in the article. The answer is that there are no Catholic Senecas that we know of, and we know the Senecas pretty well. At one time there were undoubtedly more than twice that number, but that was before the year 1700, when the missionary Fathers from France worked among the Iroquois.

The mention of the unfortunate trouble about religious matters at Lawrence also raised a question. There are certainly two sides to this story and we do not believe that the Y. M. C. A. will suffer from a just presentation of their side. The Y. M. C. A. is an inter-denominational association and we had never thought its status on broad religious grounds would ever be attacked. The same is true of the Y. W. C. A. We know of one of these young women's associations in a large city where nearly all the regular occupants of their large building are non-Protestant young ladies. However, we do not wish to discuss religious conflicts or stir up antagonism of this kind. Christians have greater work laid out for them than that of competing with one another in fields of moral endeavor or than in crossing swords over matters of instruction.

We recall the wisdom of President Coolidge, speaking from the rostrum at Haskell, when he said, "*This Society is dedicated to the welfare of the American Indian and it is to operate on lines of broad principles; it is not to be used for selfish purposes by individuals or be controlled by any section, sex or sect.*"

INDIAN RIGHTS THREATENED

THE SEMINOLES OF FLORIDA

FEW Indian tribes in the United States have made a more plucky fight and against such overwhelming odds as have the Seminole Indians of Florida. America has no example of such stalwart patriotism and national integrity as is found in these splendid Indians of the swamps of the southern peninsula.

For years they have sought to cultivate small tracts of land, to raise oranges and a few acres of corn but as soon as they had cleared a "hammock" it was trespassed upon and then occupied by a white settler. The Seminoles were regarded as absolutely without rights.

The heartless attitude and the encroachments of the people of Florida upon the Seminoles led in 1898 to an investigation by Inspector A. J. Duncan, in whose report to the Secretary of the Interior, dated March 19, 1898, (H. R. document 5, 55 Cong.) we find the following statement

"The preservation of the rights of the Seminoles to lands in Florida was made a stipulation of transfer by Spain to the United States in 1821. Two years subsequent this right was recognized in the treaty of 'Camp Moultrie' by cession of certain lands for valuable consideration. The treaty was supplemented by the treaty of Payne's Landing in 1832. And again this right is recognized. As evidence of the recognition of their right to these lands by occupancy, the treaty of 1832 is important: But as an act of duplicity and perfidy perpetrated upon them it will always stand most conspicuous.

"That this act or so-called treaty was a forced treaty—not made in good faith or with the consent of the Seminole Indians cannot be denied. The whole Seminole Nation arose. A bloody war followed, lasting seven years, and with the sacrifice of thousands of lives and at a cost of over \$40,000,000.

After forty millions of dollars had been expended to kill a few hundred red patriots defending their swamp homes, the only homes they could claim as their own, a peace pact was signed in 1842 and, "by order of the president," certain described lands were set aside for the Seminoles. The Indians kept their promise to the letter but the whites did not, and encroachments at once commenced on the ground that the "pact" was a temporary arrangement. But matters stood as they were without a permanent or definite plan in substitution.

Then came another change. Congress in 1850 turned over to the state of Florida the five millions of swamp land, but made no provision for the Seminole occupants. The Seminoles have lived there hunting alligators and doing their best to make a living under most adverse conditions. In morals and in manhood they are a remarkable people and their virtue stands out like a brilliant light in a place of dismal shadows. And now the Seminoles are to be forced to retreat to the sea. The overflow land is to be drained and the Seminoles ousted. The commercial greed of Florida wants no Indians there. But a few

rightminded friends have seen their predicament and striven to help them in their dire necessity. Florida legislators a few years ago passed a bill giving the Seminoles 100,000 acres of land but the governor vetoed the bill "because the land was worth \$10. an acre." though a little later a prominent citizen bought 60,000 acres of the *same* land for forty-three and one-third cents an acre!

But it is not too late to get justice for the Seminoles even now. There remain a million acres more of the land turned over to the state by the Government. The Seminoles must have their share for they are entitled to it by every moral right. Our friends must and will petition the Florida legislature to give the Seminoles the security of their homes. We who are able must help these worthy first Americans and do so now.

At Cedar Rapids the Society of American Indians adopted the following resolutions, after the report of Seminole conditions by Mr. Matthew K. Sniffen:

Whereas, the Seminole Indians of Florida are the original owners of all the Everglades of Florida, and whereas the Seminoles of the Everglades have been reduced from a prosperous nation to a hungry, homeless and helpless people because of white encroachment; and whereas the state of Florida has disposed of all that tract but one million acres but not made any provisions for the homes of the Seminole Indians, Therefore be it

Resolved that The Society of American Indians go on record as being in favor of the people of Florida providing lands for homes in Florida for these Indians and that a tract of one hundred thousand acres be set aside as a game preserve for these Indians, where they can live and engage in the livestock industry, and thus become self supporting: it being the earnest desire that these Indians become acquainted with a worthy civilization. We therefore endorse the movement that institutes the inquiry, "Why have the Seminoles of Florida been continually denied lands in the Everglades?" And that we carry this call to the American people until the answer shall be heard and the patriots of America demand by the mighty right of justice that the innocent and peace loving Seminole be given his rightful heritage in Florida.

Certain of our representatives, notably Rev. Joseph K. Griffis, (Tahan) who speaks Seminole, Professor M. R. Harrington and Mr. Alanson Skinner of the Museum of the American Indians have made investigations for us and reported the condition of the Seminoles. Their statements bear out the eloquent pleas of Mrs. Minnie Moore-Wilson, who today stands first among the "patroits" as the defender and advocate of the Seminoles. Her book, "The Seminoles of Florida," is of intense interest and the picture she has given of Seminole life is a vivid one. Recently the situation in Florida was studied in the field by Mr. Matthew K. Sniffen of the Indian Rights Association. He has just issued an Association circular, (N. S. 111), in which the plea for

justice to the Seminoles is set forth in his usual effective and clean cut style.

The Florida Legislature sits on April 3rd. Every friend of the Indian and every patriotic American who believes in the state and nation fulfilling its obligations to the smaller nations of the world, should write the Governor of Florida at Tallahassee and register their petition for justice for the Seminoles.

THE CROW INDIANS

More than a year ago there was a Department order compelling the Crows to send certain of their children to a government school. The Crows had already helped build schools and placed them in the hands of their missionary friends. The Department order would have destroyed the work of years and been an attack both on the right of choice and upon personal initiative. Our Society stood back of the Crows in their protest. Other associations and friends of the Indians were one with them in the protest. The Department suspended the order. The Department heard our voice and listened to the Crows. It was well.

The Crow Indians have a large amount of land and they are the object of many a subtle attack. A new one has come in the form of the bill introduced by Senator Myers, (S. 2376). It aims to take from the Crow tribe for a nominal sum, to be paid eventually, (whenever that is), a highly desirable section of their reservation. It is the Crow surplus land and some Montana vultures are anxious to pick it. The Crows need the land, both for their future needs and revenue and for their present grazing land. Already after a fight to get an adequate sum they receive \$180,000 a year for leases of this tract. It is not enough but better than when years ago the Reynolds outfit got it for a lot less. But, \$180,000 seems too much to pay, therefore the Myers bill. The Crows have already ceded half a million acres and that is quite enough for any tribe to give away for a pittance. The Crows are opposed to the Myers' grab bill and are alarmed at the high-handed easy way in which new steals are foisted upon them. The passage of the bill would mean heavy loss to them and a further disheartening.

The Crows need to have their faith in man, in white man, in humanity and in themselves built up, not torn down. Men and nations are built by an indwelling hope that finds a gradual realization. Give these fine Indians this hope. Every friend of the red race, will fight to this end.

THE CROW CHECKER BOARD

The Crow reservation is divided into squares. A resident of one square may not leave it without a permit from the Agency. If he does or exceeds his time allowance he is arrested and imprisoned. He is like the pawn in a chess player's hand. He is moved as suits the player's

fancy; he is sacrificed to a desired move; he is cast off the board when it suits the whim of the player. The Crow Indians have been treated like pieces of whittled wood. They must move, think and act as the Big Player says. This Big Player is not a Prussian General stationed in Belgium but an American civil official stationed among the Crow tribe of native Americans in Montana. We are sorry that men are imprisoned for walking over ancestral land and in their own domain. We believe that if this happened in Serbia or Flanders the newspapers would make much of the abuse and decry the shame. There would be a nation-wide cry for intervention. It is intervention that the Crow tribe needs—the intervention of American democratic principles wherein men are permitted to govern themselves or learn by personal participation in rule and law making how to hew out a plan for self government.

In the realm of Czardom the Cossack and the Pole the Georgian and the Muscovite were the pawns of the "little father." The king and the queen moved as they wished, but the pawns were swept off the board.

We suspect that some one is trying the experiment of playing chess with Crows. We think matters at Crow have improved, but the opportunity for demonstrating American principles there can still be expanded. The Crows are not wooden pawns, they are not without sense or sentiment; they are Americans in the process of adjustment and need an American chance.

CHIPPEWA INDIANS THREATENED

AN APPEAL BY THE INDIAN RIGHTS ASSOCIATION

YOUR influence is requested in defeating H. R. 14,731 (Calendar No. 304, Committee of the Whole House) and Senate Bill No. 6715, both of which provide for the issuance of fee simple patents to all adult mixed-blood allottees of the Chippewa Indian Tribe belonging to the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota, repealing all laws by which the Secretary of the Interior or Federal Courts are empowered to protect these Indians in the settlement of estates of deceased Indians, being retroactive in this respect to June 21, 1906, and for other purposes.

By authority of what is known as the Clapp Amendment of June 21, 1906 (34 Stat., 353) fee simple titles were vested in mixed-blood adult allottees of the White Earth Reservation. The records show that there were approximately 5,000 Chippewas allotted lands within the White Earth Reservation, 1,000 of whom are reported to be full bloods. Following the adoption of the Clapp Amendment removing restrictions, a great number of the allottees parted with their lands at grossly inadequate prices, and among these were many alleged full-bloods.

The United States Supreme Court decided that a Chippewa Indian with any portion of foreign blood is a mixed-blood in the meaning of the Clapp Amendment. It is logical to conclude that a large proportion of the so-called mixed-bloods are probably no better able to protect their interests in business transactions than the full-bloods. That this condition actually exists is manifested by the fact that the Government instituted approximately 1500 suits to set aside deeds secured from allottees who are regarded as hopelessly incompetent.

The United States Attorney General reports that on July 1, 1915, there were 1168 of the suits pending, and after reviewing the efforts which seem to have been made by about 90 per cent of the defendants to make some disposition of the cases out of court upon an honorable basis, refers to the opposing 10 per cent as follows:

"The defendants who are holding out against the proposed settlements are actuated by the hope of obtaining a decision that the Government has no right to sue to redress the wrongs done to incompetent mixed bloods in whom the fee simple titles to their allotments were vested by the Clapp amendment (34 Stat., 353). This question was submitted to the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit on September 8, 1916, in the case of United States v. Waller. This same group of defendants made a determined effort at the last session of Congress to procure the passage of a bill (H. R. 14,731 and S. 6715) calculated to circumvent every position taken by the department in this litigation."—(Annual Report of Attorney General of the United States, 1916, page 51.)

The Waller case has been certified to the Supreme Court and advanced for hearing on February 26, 1917.

Hon. Frank J. Kearful, Special Assistant to the Attorney General, states in memorandum dated April 22, 1916.

"Exclusive investigations made under direction of the Secretary of the Interior prior to 1911 showed over 1,000 of the 5,000 White Earth allottees to be full bloods. There are on record in Minnesota conveyances of the allotments of nearly all of these alleged full bloods purporting to have been executed and acknowledged by them or their heirs as mixed bloods, the heirs having been determined, when determined at all, by the probate courts of Minnesota in *ex parte* proceedings. These Indians, whether full-bloods or not, are utterly and hopelessly incompetent to conduct negotiations for the sale of their lands or to care for or invest the proceeds. They cannot read, write, nor speak the English language. Many of them never saw their lands and have no more conception of the value of the lands or of money than children of tender age. They know nothing of the nature of a deed or a mortgage and do not care to know. They sign anything (by mark) in order to obtain a little money, to be quickly squandered, or to secure some useless article of personal property which strikes their aboriginal fancy relying the while on the Government for protection and future support."*****

"Greedy speculators (often led by former employes of the Indian Office) were swift to take advantage of the helpless condition of these incompetent Indians, with the result that their lands are gone and they with their children are and must remain abject charges upon the bounty of the Government, unless these conveyances can be set aside and the lands restored to them. With this object the Attorney General acting at the behest of the Secretary of the Interior, has caused to be instituted a great number of suits in the Federal court of Minnesota."

"The most reprehensible of all the transactions with these Indians have been the taking of deeds from minors, full-blood and mixed-blood, the latter having but a small admixture of white blood and as incompetent as any full blood. In the case of minor mixed bloods, suits to cancel the conveyances are unavailing unless they can be maintained on the ground of actual incompetency, because, before the suits can be determined, the minors come of age and can be induced for a small sum to make new conveyances."

"There is still going on a mad scramble to obtain deeds from incompetent minor mixed-bloods on their arrival at the age of majority. In their eagerness these speculators have acted upon the mistaken notion that female Indians become adults at the age of eighteen years, under the law of Minnesota, which does not apply, and many deeds have been taken from Indian girls on or shortly after their eighteenth birthday. Realizing the mistake upon the question raised, an effort is now made in the bill under consideration to cure all such void conveyances."

(Part 2, H. R. Report 993, 64th Congress, First session.)

It is believed that there is not a single provision of the bill in question which should receive approval of the friends of the Indian. The legislation proposes:

First, To change existing laws and establish the age of adult female allottees at eighteen instead of twenty-one years, in authorizing fee simple titles. This, notwithstanding the larger experience of male allottees who are not clothed with such rights until twenty-one years of age.

Second, All adult allottees are given fee simple title to lands without regard to their competency.

Third, It abrogates all acts of Congress since June 21, 1916, empowering the Secretary of the Interior or the courts to administer estates of the deceased members of the Tribe in all cases where the title to land involved was at any time during that period held by a mixed blood Indian. The probate courts of Minnesota are given exclusive jurisdiction in these matters, and all decisions and orders of such probate courts since June 21, 1906, are confirmed by the proposed act. The effect of this provision would be, as to the future exercise of jurisdiction by the probate courts, to enable them to determine, in cases to which neither the United States nor any representative of the Government can be made a party, the rights and interests of the United States under its trust obligation to the heirs of all deceased Indians. The enactment of these provisions would have the effect of dismissing the 1500 suits now pending through which it is hoped by the Government to set aside the alleged fraudulent deeds and unconscionable transactions by which the Chippewa Indians have been defrauded of their allotted lands.

The disastrous results of the action of Congress in transferring jurisdiction over the persons and property of minors belonging to the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma from Federal to State control is an indication of a condition which we may reasonably assume will follow the passage of these bills.

The Departments of the Interior and of Justice are opposed to the enactment of the legislation embraced in the bills under consideration.

We trust that you will exert your influence to defeat this bill by writing to your representatives in Congress (both the Senate and the House), urging them to oppose its passage.

S. M. BROSIUS, Agent

CARL E. GRAMMAR,

President, I. R. A.

HERBERT WELSH,

Corresponding Secretary.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY ABOUT INDIANS

Note: Our intention is here to record certain items of news interest clipped from newspapers and periodicals. We do not vouch for the truth of the statements given, though so far as possible we do not allow extravagant stories to appear. These news clippings may or may not reflect the opinion of the American Indian Magazine or of the Society. Our aim is merely to reflect the records and the opinions of the press of the country whether we approve or not the subject matter.

SIoux INDIAN WINS INTERCOLLEGIATE CONTEST

The ringing of the college bell Friday night brought the glad tidings to DePauw and Greencastle people that Albert T. Freeman, representative of DePauw in the annual state intercollegiate oratorical contest had been returned the winner at the contest held in the Central Christian church, Indianapolis. Mr. Freeman's victory is the twentieth victory to come to the Greencastle institution since the oratorical contests started and DePauw has won more state contests than all other colleges combined. This is the first victory since 1913.

Mr. Freeman's subject was "The American Indian's Appeal." Being a native Red Man himself, Mr. Freeman put forth every effort on his subject and there was an earnestness in his appeal that won for him the coveted honor by a wide margin. Butler was second, seven points behind Freeman, while Franklin, Earlham, Notre Dame, Wabash and Hanover followed in order.

DePauw students celebrated Freeman's victory Friday night and the ringing of the East College bell and the marching of students informed sleepy Greencastle that the twentieth oratorical victory had come to DePauw.

Mr. Freeman is a native of Boston, Mass., and is a sophomore at DePauw, this being his first entrance in the intercollegiate oratorical contest.

—*Greenville Exchange*

COMMISSIONER SELLS ADVISES INDIANS TO INCREASE FOOD SUPPLIES

IN a circular sent to the Indian superintendents throughout the country, Hon. Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, urges all Indians to cooperate in increasing the food production of the country. With their millions of acres it seems very probable that the Indians will indeed perform an important service to this their native land. The Commissioner has said to his superintendents:

"As stated in my telegram the war situation makes it imperative that every tillable acre of land be intensively cultivated. With the entry of the United States into the world war the importance of an increased food supply can not be over-estimated. We must sacrifice every non-essential along other lines for this supreme object. The Service farmers should get into the field early and stay late, encouraging and assisting the Indians in every way possible. Enlist the

cooperation of the lessees of Indian land and of the white farmers in the vicinity. This appeal is based on both economic and patriotic grounds. See that it is brought home to every employee and Indian on the reservation, through the farmers and other industrial employees. Publish it in the school and agency papers and circulate it by every other means which may occur to you. Appeal to the patriotism of the Indians. Show how they can serve their country effectively in the present emergency by exerting themselves to the uttermost in the production of foodstuffs. While my telegram mentioned foodstuffs, "particularly wheat, beans, potatoes, corn and meat," there should be no diminution in the production of forage for your own use.

"With 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,' I feel that the Indians will play a large and important part in the economic history of the nation during this period of war stress.

"Bread and meat are an essential factor in this dreadful emergency and I am extremely anxious that the Indians shall fully demonstrate their devotion to our country and their capacity for industrial accomplishment, as well as otherwise should circumstances require.

"The success of our efforts in this respect will depend very largely upon the capacity, aggressiveness, and diligence of the superintendents having immediate supervision. Report progress from time to time by letter and do not permit any let-up in this campaign."

INDIAN CITIZENSHIP DAY AT HAMPTON INSTITUTE

THE thirtieth anniversary of the passage of the Dawes Bill, which made it possible for the Indian land to be allotted and the Indian ward to become a citizen, was fittingly celebrated at Hampton Institute on the evening of February 8. About fifteen hundred attended the exercises.

Miss Anna L. Dawes, of Pittsfield, Mass., the daughter of Senator Henry Laurens Dawes, spoke forcefully on "The Indian Citizen." Miss Dawes said:

"Did Mr. Dawes have too great faith in his beloved red man? Was the race inadequate to freedom and unfit for citizenship? Let us see what a single generation has done for itself. . . . Out of the Reservation Indians there are over 42,000 who live in houses, with homes, barns, etc., worth \$13,635,814, and containing wagons, tools, and like property worth \$4,866,244, while in these barns are stock and poultry worth nearly \$35,000,000 and crops worth well over \$5,000,000. . . . The frugal have saved, in banks and elsewhere, over \$16,000,000. There are 97,000 church-going Indians, and in all the schools there are 61,243 Indian children."

The Indian Citizenship Day program included the Lord's Prayer in Cherokee, Eli Bird, a Cherokee of Swaney, N. C.; The Indian of Today

Charles Morsea, a Sioux of Lower Brule, N. D.; and The Oneidas as Citizens, Luther S. Smith, an Oneida of West Depere, Wis.

Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, who was for many years commandant of cadets at Hampton Institute, declared that the striking difference between the Indian Citizenship Day exercises now and those of thirty years ago is the absence today of all complaint. Indians are grasping opportunities and are simply asking the white man for an equal chance to make the most of themselves.

—*Hampton Institute Press Service.*

FIRST INDIAN TO BE WOUNDED IN ACTION

Enos Kick, an Oneida member of the 35th Battalion Indian company, is the first member of the Middlesex Indian unit to fall in action, his name appearing in the list of wounded in last night's Canadian casualty list.

Kick is a graduate of Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., and appropriate significance attaches to his cognomen in that in his college days he was one of the all-star Carlisle football players, who provided some tough scraps for the football teams of the Pennsylvania State University and other big Eastern Colleges.

Two Months in Action

The Middlesex Indians, it is believed, arrived on the firing line nearly two months ago, and from the splendid reports of the way the Indians acquitted themselves in France, it is remarkable that more of their names have not already appeared in the casualty lists.

Kick has two brothers, Thomas and Albert Kick, also with the 135th Indian company, which although no longer known by that name, is still unbroken as an Indian company, but drafted to another battalion.

Enos Kick, after graduating from Carlisle a few years ago, returned to the country of the Oneidas at Muncey, subsequently wedding a dusky belle of Green Bay, Wisconsin Indians, who with four little papooses is now awaiting his return at Muncey.

First to Fall

Kick is not only the first member of the 135th Indian company, but also the first of his nation to be mentioned in the Canadian casualties. He is not the first Indian from Muncey, however. Peter Logan, a member of the miniature Muncey nation, also living at Muncey, enlisted early in the war with a St. Thomas unit, went overseas and was killed in action in France, the first American Indian to give his life in the world struggle against Teutonic tyranny.

—*London, (Ont.) Free Press.*

INDIAN TRIBAL LAW

THE state of progress of the American Indian north of New Mexico at the time of discovery has been too frequently underestimated. Undue emphasis has been laid on his supposed nomadic life. Also it is a mistake to imagine the Indian as dependent entirely on hunting for his means of subsistence. The Iroquois lived in houses, not tents, each capable of sheltering many families. They cultivated maize, beans, and tobacco, and made bread from pounded corn. They manufactured twine and rope from the bark of trees, made earthen vessels from clay hardened by fire, used needles of bone, and tanned skins from which they made leggins and moccasins. In the formation of their famed confederacy they exercised real political genius. They produced great men not a few, of whom Logan, Red Jacket, and Brant were not the least conspicuous. At the time they first came into contact with the whites, they were on the point of bringing the whole continent north of Mexico beneath their sway. Practically all the tribes east of the Mississippi were their tributaries. The history of the Iroquois, of the Creeks, and of Tecumseh and Pontiac demonstrate that the Indian has naturally an aptitude for political combination. Certainly his tribal law has a solidity and definiteness about it that we of a more elusive civilization may envy, even while we know we cannot imitate it.

—H. H. Hagan in "Case and Comment"

EDUCATING INDIANS FOR CITIZENSHIP

THE present administration of Indian Affairs has produced advancement in the Indians. Hitherto raw land is being brought under cultivation, tribal and individual herds built up, school facilities increased, and sanitary measures instituted and enforced with energy. Competency commissions are in the field visiting those reservations on which the trust period is about to expire, the purpose being to ascertain the individual Indians capable of handling their own affairs. Patents in fee will issue to the Indians falling within this class, and the trust period extended on the allotments of those found to be still in need of the government's protecting care. It is indeed gratifying to know that a substantial percentage of the living allottees are found competent. The results accomplished all along the line lead the friends of the Indians to hope that the day of their emancipation is beginning to dawn, and that it is only a question of time when the Indian race is fully absorbed into our body politic.

—S. M. Brosius in "Case and Comment."

PUEBLO INDIAN ARCHITECTURE

THERE are indications that Pueblo architecture is at least twelve hundred years old. Chronologically, the cave dwellings came first. The natural caves offered shelter. The softness of the rock and the ease with which it was broken and cut with stone tools, led, perhaps, to the enlargement of the natural caves and their better adaptation to use as dwellings. Doorways were fashioned more symmetrically, fireplaces built, vent holes for the smoke cut into the cliff. The next step was the construction of a crude portal or porch, which with time became more and more inclosed. Thus the talus clan village was born. The steep declivity produced the terrace form of construction against the cliffs. From a single-room structure there grew in time the so-called small house of several rooms, and, by gradual accretion, the communal house.

And who were these builders that have given America this unique type of architecture? They were Pueblos, sedentary Indians in part descendants of the cave-and-cliff-dwellers and in part of other tribes who constantly crowded in upon the town builders and were not quite as thrifty. More significant still, it was the women, the Pueblo women, who reared the walls. Surely there is nothing new under the sun! In pre-Columbian times the Pueblos built apartment houses of three thousand rooms, or larger than any modern hotel; they reared five-story structures of solidified clay, much in the manner that the modern builder rears his concrete skyscraper, and as to feminists, they had their day in the Indian pueblos, long before the coming of the palefaces.—PAUL A. F. WALTER in the *Southern Workman*.

INDIAN HEALTH AND EDUCATION

The annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs emphasizes particularly the work done during the year for the health and education of the Indians.

The health work has been advanced by means of a number of agencies acting simultaneously. Among these are mentioned the medical supervisors who make frequent visits to each agency and school for medical inspection and advice; the special physicians who are constantly on the road engaged principally in curing the eyes and in instituting campaigns against trachoma; the field dentists who visit the schools for treatment of the children's teeth; the school and agency local physicians engaged in general practice; and the field matrons whose helpful work entitles them to be called the Good Samaritans of the Indian Service.

The report on education takes up in full detail the new course of study that has been uniformly introduced in all the Indian schools and a complete schedule is printed covering ten pages and outlining the course by hours in all divisions. This new course of study represents the ripest thought of a committee of the best educators in the Indian Ser-

vice who, for a year or more, have given much time and labor to its preparation. It was found necessary to blaze almost a new trail in developing the vocational features of the course because of the peculiar need of the Indian schools to provide instruction along eminently practical lines. It is thought that the introduction of the new vocational course of study marks an epoch in Indian education.—*Southern Workman*.

Indians Make Automobiles

Almost on the very site of some of the bitterest wars waged a century ago by his ancestors in defense of their hunting grounds, the American Indian today helps the paleface build his "devil wagon."

Just a few miles from Fort Meigs, Fort Miami and some of the other battle grounds of "Tippecanoe" Harrison, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Tecumseh, and other warlike leaders of another day, is the main factory of The Willys-Overland Company, one of the most important units of the automobile industry.

In this factory are a score of full-blooded Indians—Chippewas, Navajos, Iroquois, Pimas, Pueblos—sent there by Uncle Sam from their western reservations to learn other of the trades of the white man.

And these Indians are taking to their training like so many ducks to water. They are very interested in learning what makes the wheels of the automobile go round.

A dozen redskins are assigned to various duties in the assembly of one of the Willys-Overland models.

One pair aids in chassis assembly; another pair assembles wheels; five of them are engaged in final assembly, while still others work on running boards, etc.

Instead of being confined permanently to one operation, they are shifted every few months from task to task, in order to give them a general practical knowledge of motor car construction, such as is required by good mechanics, garage men and automobile repair men.

"The work of the Indians is a source of much satisfaction to us," says the foreman of their department. "The Indians we have are among our most willing, most accurate and most painstaking workmen.

"To top this off, they are very ambitious and are reading every bit of literature they can find in connection with their work, in order to acquire a better knowledge of the relation of their own particular task to the manufacture of the whole car."—*Muskogee Daily Phoenix*.

RADICAL REFORMS NEEDED

BY W. H. GIBBES

In the Columbia, (S. C.) State.

From association and contact with the Indian I have become convinced that his treatment by the government is one of continued error heaped upon initial mistake. Originally segregated upon reservations in order to insure the safety of the whites who were thinly settled in outlying territory, the continuation of such a policy after the full attainment of its purposes has operated to delay the development, the amalgamation and the civilization of the Indians in the fulfillment of their manifest destiny. This proposition is proved by the undeniable fact that those Indians who are cut loose from the government have progressed far ahead of those who are still in serfdom as its wards.

This serfdom is a greater reproach to this nation than was the slavery of the negro. The tenure of the title to his lands, and the holding of his funds by the government are sometimes used to coerce him into a compliance with government requirements, thus sapping independence and undermining his character. Therefore, if there be decadence in the manhood of the old Indians thus treated, the government is responsible and the government owes support to those Indians it has ruined, and education to their children to keep them from being ruined also. Its activities should stop there. The very plan of the Indian office to encourage industry among the Indians by giving a few favored individuals the use of reimbursable funds without interest is an encouragement in the continuation of unbusinesslike methods.

Everywhere there are capable and competent Indians who ought to be free and independent citizens today, but usually the office keeps them chained to their stationary cotribal members.

The proud, sensitive, high-strung Indian often feels that home for him and his lies not on this side of the grave.

The young and middle aged adult Indians should be given their land and money and made citizens of America, and citizenship should be conferred on the minors as fast as they reach maturity.

If any squander their heritage, it will be no more than our white citizens do, and usually the school of adversity alone confers a valuable civic education.

Turn such Indians loose now under some well considered plan and they, humanity and civilization, will soon be the gainers.

The office at Washington tends to unify the Indian problem, whereas each reservation and tribe offers a clear, separate and distinct problem in itself, and the solution of one by no means involves the solution of the other.

CHEMAWA HONORED

PRINCESS Tsianina, a full blood Indian prima donna, and Charles Wakefield Cadman, one of America's most distinctive composers and pianists, visited Chemawa on Thursday of last week and very graciously entertained the employes and student body in the school gymnasium. Tsianina sang "At Dawning," "Invocation to The Sun God," "The Naked Year," all in the Creek language and a "Canoe Song" with characteristic rowing gestures, the composer playing the accompaniment. Much appreciation was shown by the students and the applause did not cease until this lovely and charming Indian maiden responded in a rendition of a song of her own composition and accompaniment, which was the "Crow Egg." It was a little encore but given so charmingly and with such merry spirit that the audience laughed until they cried. Tsianina is an artist and in addition is a girl of such utter unaffection, and so earnest, and of such unusual winning personality, which, added to her loyalty to her race, captivated the entire school. Chemawa's student body gave a rousing cheer in appreciation of the compliment paid the school.

Mr. Cadman and Tsianina accompanied by Mrs. Estabrook, Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Magers took supper with the students in the main dining room. After supper Tsianina joined in with the older girls and visited with them in their rooms and elsewhere. She remarked that Chemawa was so different from the Indian school she attended that she would love to go to school here. Mr. Cadman and Tsianina passed many compliments on Chemawa; he said that he had never visited a school that pleased him so much. He was especially surprised in regard to the high quality of music rendered by Chemawa's string quartet, as well as the "Pep" and general atmosphere of the entire school.

Previous to the delightful concert given by Tsianina, Mr. Smith gave a gymnastic exhibition consisting of folk dancing, Indian Clubs, Rifle Drill, Clap Dance, etc., on part of probably 200 students who were in their white gym suits. This was followed by several selections by the string quartet under direction of Mr. Ruthyn Turney, a composer of no little repute. After Tsianina had completed her concert, and upon Mr. Cadman's request, the quartet rendered that remarkable composition, "Second Indian Suite," in four movements, by Mr. Turney. At the conclusion of this number Mr. Cadman remarked that the composition was unusual and rendered with great effect, as it was a difficult piece to play. Mr. Hammond, in the absence of the Superintendent, directed the ceremonies. Tsianina held a reception in the gym as the students were dismissed. Afterwards Mrs. Hall gave a reception in her home to the faculty, musicians, and some visitors from Salem, in honor of the artists. Dainty refreshments were served.—*Chemawa American*.

IMPORTANT SERVICE CHANGE

OSCAR H. LIPPS, who was recently appointed Chief Supervisor of Indian Schools, has been in the Indian service nineteen years, served as teacher of reservation schools, principal of reservation boarding schools in Utah and Minnesota, assistant superintendent of the Chilocco Indian School, superintendent of the Nez Perce reservation, Idaho, and District Supervisor of Indian Schools and Agencies for the Northwest District. He reorganized the school system in the five Civilized Tribes, was a member of the Committee on New Course of Study for Indian Schools, and has for several years recently been superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School.

While superintendent of the Nez Perce Agency he established the first sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis among Indians, and the first cooperative day school for the education of whites and Indians under joint federal and state control. He is the author of "A Little History of the Navajos." His home for the past ten years has been in Idaho.

H. B. Peairs, whom Mr. Lipps succeeds, has been appointed Superintendent of Haskell Institute, at Lawrence, Kansas. Mr. Peairs was formerly superintendent of Haskell.

John Francis, Jr., now chief of the Education division in the Washington Office, succeeds Mr. Lipps as Superintendent of the Carlisle School.—*Peace Pipe*.

INDIAN CHIEF IS SENT TO JAIL

The Wintun tribe of Indians are incensed because their chief, Alexander, and three tribesmen, have been sent to the County jail for ninety days for killing deer out of season. Chief Alexander was sentenced in Redding today, after he had admitted that he and three compatriots had killed deer, and then exclaimed:

"The white man first robbed us of our lands and now they have robbed us of our game. We must eat, but the white man's law says we cannot kill the fish and game that has been ours since the world began. There is nothing left for the red men to do but starve during the closed season."

The venison the Indians had in their possession, including 300 pounds of jerkey, was confiscated and given to the patients in the white man's County Hospital.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

MAKES EARNEST PLEA FOR AMERICAN INDIAN

Mrs. Gertrude Bonnin, secretary of the Society of American Indians, last night in the cloister music room of the Glenwood Mission Inn, gave a very interesting talk on the Indians and made a very earnest plea for a revision of the laws with a view of bettering his condition.

Mrs. Bonnin's Indian name before her marriage was Zitkala-Sa.

One of the strongest pleas made by the speaker was for a law that would wipe out of the Indian reservations the deadly drug habit. She spoke of a cacti which produces a narcotic more powerful and dangerous in its effects than any of those which the government now forbids the use of and she told how this poison was being given to her people by traffickers under the guise of religion. She said the deadly narcotic was undermining the mental powers of her race where it was used and that the traffickers had even reached the infants with the poison.

Mrs. Bonnin claims the Indian commissioner is a true friend of the Indian, but he is handicapped by conditions over which he has no control, meaning that politics is the handicap that must be overcome before the Indians will be cared for as they deserve.

Zitkala-Sa has a sweet personality. She delivered her message in a clear modulated voice and the small number who heard her enjoyed the talk.

Today Mrs. Bonnin visited the Sherman Indian Institute, where she talked to the Indian boys and girls at the invitation of Superintendent Conser. She was enthusiastically received and she was very glad to bring them a message such as only she could bring to them.—*Riverside Press.*

10,000 NAVAJOS TO TAKE WAR PATH FOR UNITED STATES

Salt Lake City, Feb. 10.—In the event of war between the United States and Germany 10,000 native Navajo Indians will take to the war path for the government, according to a message received in the office of Governor Bamberger today from the chief at Monticello, Utah.—*Indian Enterprise.*

CHEROKEES ARE LOYAL

Tulsa, Okla., Feb. 5.—The Cherokee Indian nation has volunteered its services to the country in the event of war. A telegram signed by W. C. Rogers, principal chief of the Cherokees, has been sent to the war department asking the privilege to organize a regiment "to defend the flag when needed in the great crisis now before us."—*Indian Enterprise.*

INDIANS AT THE FRONT

According to an official report, 1,200 Indians from the Canadian reserves have enlisted for active service in the war. Indians at the front, it is said, have proved themselves excellent riflemen and possessed of great powers of endurance. Last year Indians contributed over \$7,000 to war funds, and Indian women have been noteworthy contributors of knitted socks, mufflers and other comforts for the soldiers.—*Outlook*.

THE RED MAN'S AMERICA

My country! 'tis to thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
My pleas I bring.
Land where OUR fathers died,
Whose offspring are denied
The Franchise given wide,
Hark, while I sing.

My native country, thee,
Thy Red man is not free,
Knows not thy love.
Political bred ill,
Peyote in temple hills,
His heart with sorrow fills,
Knows not thy love.

Let Lane's Bill swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song.
Let Gandy's Bill awake
All people, till they quake,
Let Congress, silence break,
The sound prolong.

Great Mystery, to thee,
Life of humanity,
To thee, we cling.
Grant our home-land be bright,
Grant us just human right,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our king.

—(Z. S.)

